



Also--  
A NEW MYSTERY *Featuring*

**POW-WOW SMITH**  
INDIAN LAWMAN



# Detective COMICS

OCT. NO. 188

10c

*Featuring*  
**"DOOM  
IN THE  
BAT-CAVE!"**

WE **MUST** FIND  
THE BOMB! IF WE  
LEAVE, IT WILL  
EXPLODE THE  
BRUCE WAYNE  
MANSION ABOVE--  
AND OUR IDENTITIES  
WILL BE  
REVEALED!



BUT IF WE  
STAY AND  
SEARCH MUCH  
LONGER, WE'LL  
BE KILLED!

**WARNING  
TO BATMAN!**  
AT 12 O'CLOCK  
A HIDDEN BOMB  
WILL BLOW UP  
THE BATCAVE!







# Binky asks

## "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE?"

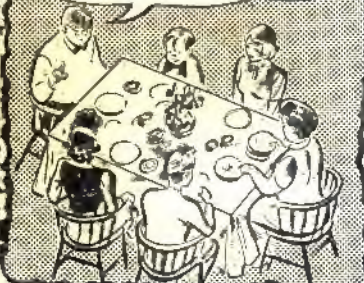
IT'S BEEN WONDERFUL BEING WITH YOU THESE PAST FEW WEEKS. I'VE LEARNED SO MUCH ABOUT AMERICA...

SURE, COSETTE. YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE ALL ABOUT OUR BIG BUILDINGS AND ELECTRIC GADGETS AND...

OH, NO, BINKY! THEY KNOW ABOUT THOSE THINGS. I'M GOING TO TELL THEM ABOUT THE WAY YOU LIVE. THEY'LL BE AS SURPRISED AS I WAS.

...WHEN I TELL THEM HOW THE FAMILY DISCUSSES THINGS.

WAIT A SECOND, LUCY! LET ALLERGY GIVE HIS SIDE OF THE STORY!



"... HOW LUCY TAKES CHARGE WHEN MRS. BIGGS HAS TO GO TO A SCHOOL COMMITTEE MEETING ..."

"... AND HOW WE ALL WENT TO CHURCH TOGETHER AND LATER TO A PICNIC ..."



HMMM...THIS IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS MOM'S, LUCY!



BUT-- BUT WHAT'S SO SURPRISING ABOUT THOSE THINGS? DON'T YOU HAVE ALL THAT IN FRANCE?

YES-- BUT I HAD A DIFFERENT PICTURE OF AMERICAN FAMILIES!

YOU SEE, BINKY, PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES SOMETIMES HAVE FUNNY IDEAS ABOUT EACH OTHER.

WE KEEP FORGETTING THAT EVEN DIFFERENT PEOPLE ARE OFTEN PRETTY MUCH ALIKE IN THE THINGS THAT MAKE FOR HAPPINESS.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, POP! COME TO THINK OF IT, MAYBE I HAVE A FEW FUNNY IDEAS ABOUT PEOPLE IN OTHER COUNTRIES, TOO!



THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.



# BATMAN

With  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER

THE SECRET CITADEL OF THOSE GREATEST OF CRIME-FIGHTERS, **BATMAN AND ROBIN**, IS THE EERIE **BAT-CAVE**! THAT HIDDEN CAVERN HOLDS NOT ONLY THEIR CRIME-LABORATORY, THEIR **BATMOBILE** AND **BATPLANE** AND COSTUMES AND EQUIPMENT, BUT ALSO THE TROPHIES OF THE DYNAMIC DUO'S PAST GREAT EXPLOITS! NO OUTSIDER KNOWS THE SECRET LOCATION OF THIS SUBTERRANEAN BASE UNTIL ONE OMINOUS DAY WHEN A MYSTERIOUS MENACE VOWS TO DESTROY **BATMAN AND ROBIN** IN THEIR OWN LAIR AND THE DUO GRIMLY AWAITS--

## "THE DOOM IN THE BAT-CAVE!"



DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 122, Oct., 1952. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter April 28, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co.,

205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1952 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.



AS NIGHT'S MANTLE CLOAKS GOTHAM CITY'S WATERFRONT DISTRICT, A DESERTED STREET HAS SINISTER VISITORS...

COME ON, DUKE--THE TARGET FOR TONIGHT IS MILDEN'S WAREHOUSE!

BUT FROM HIGH ABOVE WATCH THE EVER-VIGILANT FOES OF CRIMEDOM--**BATMAN AND ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER!

**BATMAN:** IT'S THE WATERFRONT ROBBERY MOB WE'VE BEEN HUNTING! YOU CAN'T MISTAKE "HOOK" DEERING'S IRON-CLAW FOREARM!

AND THEY'VE PICKED MILDEN'S WAREHOUSE FOR THIS RAID! FASTEN YOUR ROPE, **ROBIN**--WE'LL GIVE THEM A SURPRISE!



SECONDS LATER...

**CRASH**

**BATMAN AND ROBIN!**

HELP ME--HELP!

THEY GOT AWAY! AND WE CAN'T GET BACK UP OUT OF THOSE HIGH WINDOWS IN TIME TO CATCH THEM!

I WAS ALONE--THEY BROKE IN, OVERPOWERED ME--

HURRY, **BATMAN**, THAT FALLING JOSS STATUE WILL BLOCK THE DOOR!

LOOK OUT!

HE'S A MENACE TO ALL US IMPORTERS--RAIDING OUR WAREHOUSES, HUACKING OUR CARGOES! AND THAT TERRIBLE HOOK ARM!

HE LOST THAT ARM DURING A PRISON BREAK. THE ACCIDENT HARDENED HIM, HAS MADE HIM A MORE DANGEROUS CRIMINAL THAN EVER!

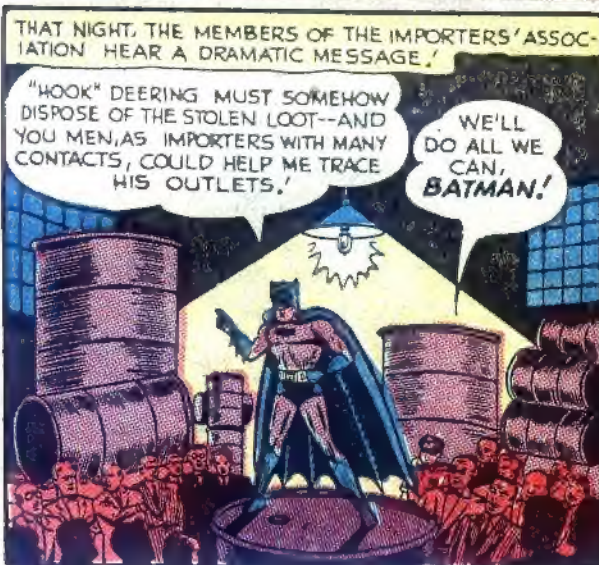
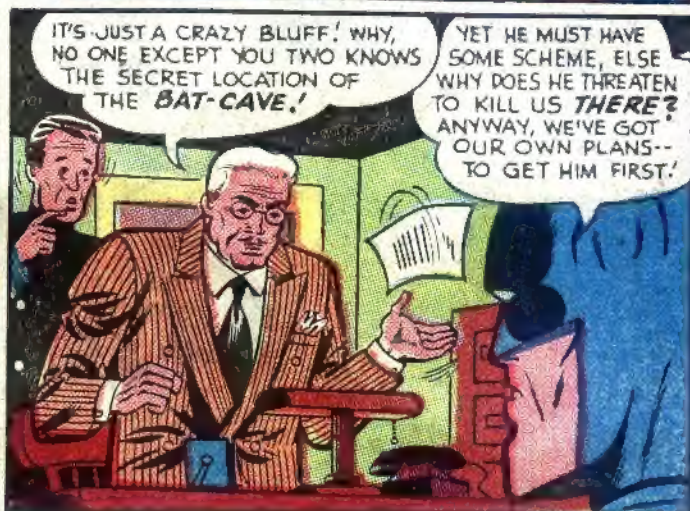
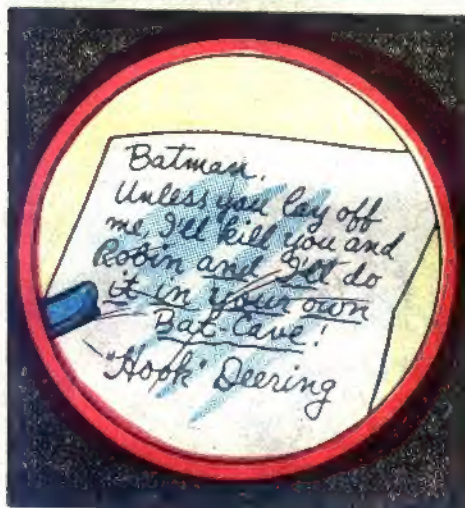
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT HOOK DEERING IS A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER!

**KRASH**





# DETECTIVE COMICS







IT'S "HOOK" DEERING! HIS HOOK JUST GRAZED ME! LOOK OUT, **BATMAN...**



KEEP BACK, EVERYBODY! THOSE CHEMICALS ARE DANGEROUS!

I'LL TRY AND GET THE LIGHTS BACK ON! WATCH OUT FOR "HOOK", **BATMAN**-- HE'S AFTER **YOU**!

BUT WHEN THE LIGHTS FLASH ON AGAIN...



DEERING'S GONE-- BUT HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED US ALL!

PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY ONE OF US HE WANTED TO GET!



BUT HIS THREAT WAS TO GET **YOU** IN THE **BAT-CAVE**! WHY SHOULD HE TRY IT HERE?

HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME REASON! SINCE HE'S ESCAPED, I THINK WE'D BETTER GO HOME AND CHECK THE **BAT-CAVE**!

RETURNING TO THE **BAT-CAVE**, HIDDEN BENEATH THE MANSION OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD DICK GRAYSON (IN REALITY **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**) THE DYNAMIC DUO TAKES EXTRA PRECAUTIONS!



THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC EYE SHOWS THAT NO ONE HAS ENTERED!

DEERING **MUST** HAVE BEEN BLUFFING! FUNNY--I CAN STILL SMELL THOSE PUNGENT CHEMICALS!



SO CAN I! AND THAT MEANS-- DEERING **WASN'T** BLUFFING! QUICK, **ROBIN** -- INTO THE LABORATORY!

I DON'T GET IT--HOW CAN "HOOK" DEERING GET AT YOU IN HERE?



A SWIFT EXAMINATION UNDER MICROSCOPE BY A MASTER-CHEMIST REVEALS A TERRIBLE ANSWER!

ROBIN--QUICK--  
A FIRE-  
EXTINGUISHER!

THERE'S NO FIRE--  
BUT I'LL DO AS  
YOU ASK!

AND AS THE **BATMAN** HURLS HIS CLOAK TO THE FLOOR,  
IT SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO FLARING FLAME!

I THOUGHT  
SO!

I'LL HAVE IT OUT IN A SECOND  
-- BUT I DON'T  
GET THIS AT  
ALL!



DURING THE DARKNESS  
AT THE WAREHOUSE, A  
SLOW-ACTING CHEMICAL  
WAS POURED ON MY  
CLOAK THAT WOULD  
LATER CAUSE IT TO  
BURST INTO FLAME!  
THAT WAS WHY THE  
ATTACK WAS MADE!

THEN "HOOK" FIGURED IT  
WOULD DESTROY YOU, AFTER  
YOU GOT BACK TO THE  
**BAT-CAVE.** THAT'S HOW  
HE PLANNED TO CARRY  
OUT HIS THREAT!

NO, HE MUST HAVE KNOWN  
I'D SMELL THE CHEMICAL IN  
THE CLOAK AS SOON AS I  
ENTERED A CLOSED SPACE--  
THAT I'D DISCOVER HIS TRICK  
IN TIME TO SAVE MYSELF!  
THEREFORE, THIS WASN'T  
HIS **REAL** PLAN TO  
KILL ME!

HE'S NO ORDIN-  
ARY THUG, TO  
PLAN THAT! HE'S  
SHOWN HE **CAN**  
STRIKE AT YOU HERE  
IN THE **BAT-CAVE!**  
I'M WORRIED!



NEXT EVENING, IN THE WAYNE MANSION ABOVE THE  
HIDDEN **BAT-CAVE**, AN EERIE ALARM AGAIN SUMMONS  
THE DYNAMIC DUO...

BRUCE, IT'S THE **BAT-  
SIGNAL**--A CALL FROM  
COMMISSIONER GORDON!  
I WONDER, IS IT  
DEERING AGAIN?

I HAVE A  
FEELING IT  
IS!

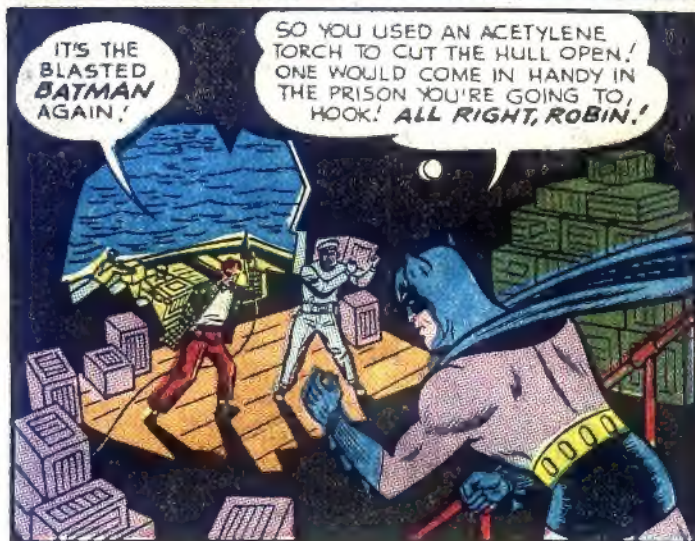
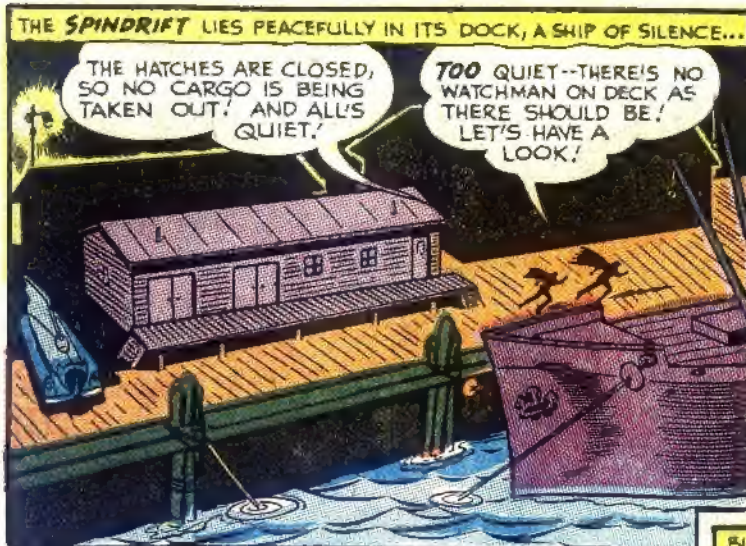
PRESENTLY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

**BATMAN**, I CALLED YOU  
IN BECAUSE I KNOW YOU  
WANT TO HANDLE "HOOK"  
DEERING YOURSELF! AN  
ANONYMOUS PHONE-CALL  
TIPPED US THAT DEERING  
WOULD HIJACK THE  
DOCKED FREIGHTER  
**SPINDRIFT** TONIGHT!

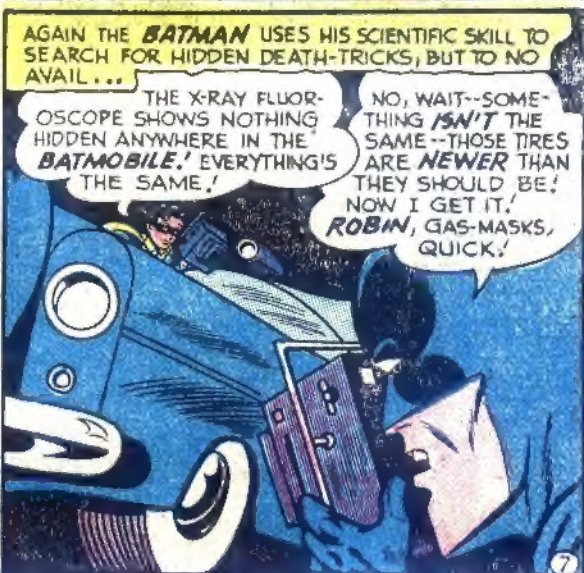
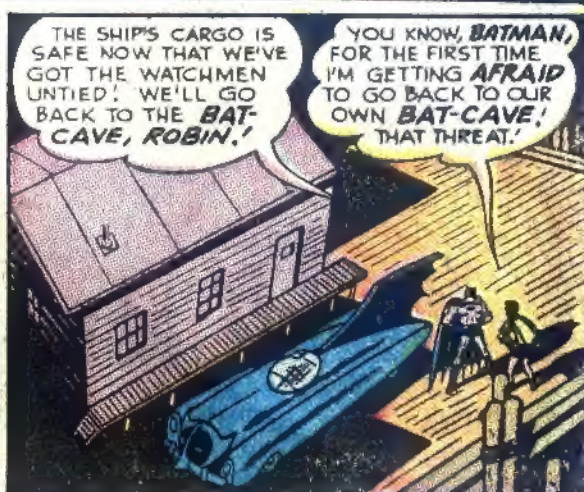
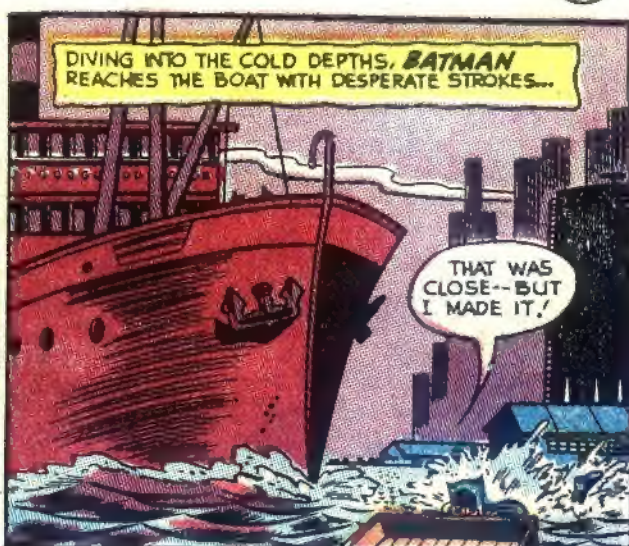
THAT'S ALL I  
WANT TO KNOW  
-- COME ON,  
**ROBIN!**













AND A FEW SECONDS LATER...

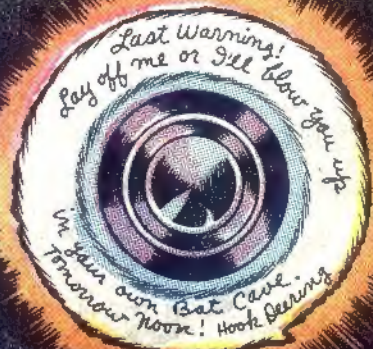
THAT'S A DEADLY GAS--COMING OUT OF OUR TIRES!

NOT OUR TIRES--THESE WERE SUBSTITUTED FOR OURS--THEY WERE FULL OF CONDENSED GAS, AND THE VALVES WERE MADE TO OPEN THERMOSTATICALLY WHEN THEY WENT INTO A COOL PLACE--LIKE OUR BAT-CAVE!

THE GAS HAS DISSIPATED! BUT WHAT A CUNNING TRICK!

NOT *TOO* CUNNING--AGAIN, HE MUST HAVE KNOWN WE'D BE ON GUARD THIS TIME AND WOULD EXAMINE THE BATMOBILE! THIS, AGAIN, WAS A MOCK ATTACK ON US, BUT WHY?

A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE DEADLY TIRES REVEALS AN OMINOUS MESSAGE!



BATMAN! THAT MEANS HE'S GOING TO USE A BOMB!

YES--AND IT MUST ALREADY HAVE BEEN SMUGGLED IN HERE! COME ON--WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT!

AND IN THE EERIE BAT-CAVE, A GRIM SEARCH BEGINS...

WE KNOW THERE'S NO BOMB IN THE BATMOBILE--BUT ONE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN THE BATPLANE THE LAST TIME WE USED IT!

NO, THE FLUOROSCOPE SHOWS NOTHING! WE'LL TRY THE TROPHY ROOM NEXT!

SEARCH THE MOST RECENT ONES, ROBIN--A TIME-BOMB COULD HAVE BEEN HIDDEN IN ONE OF THEM BEFORE WE BROUGHT IT INTO THE BAT-CAVE!

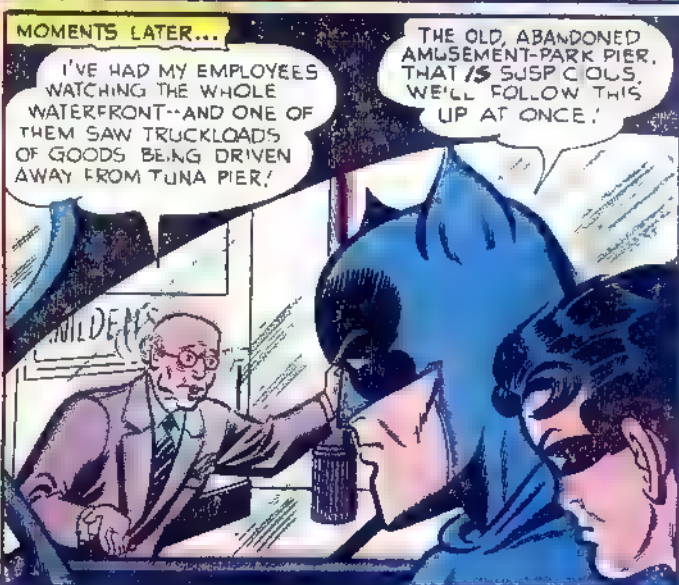
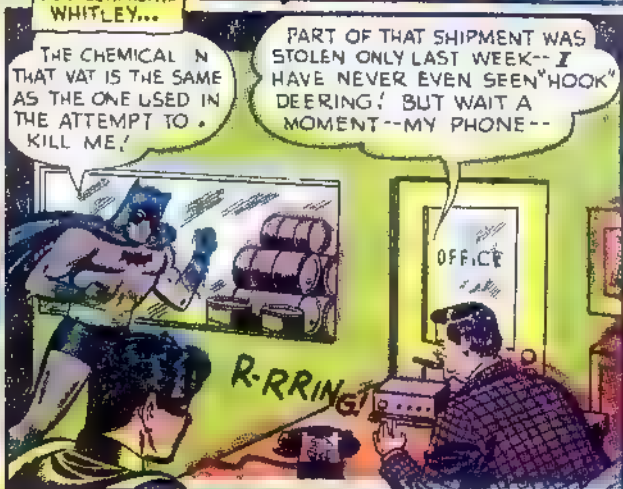
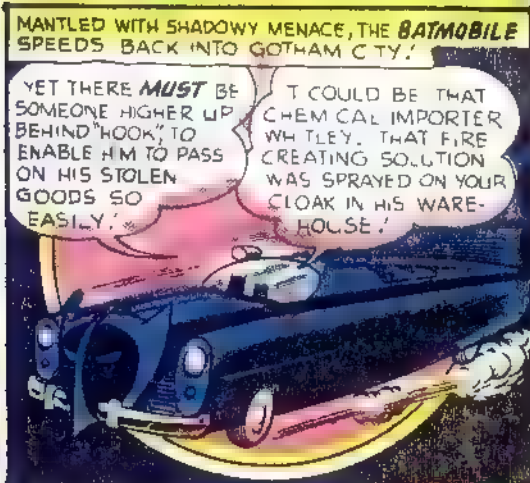
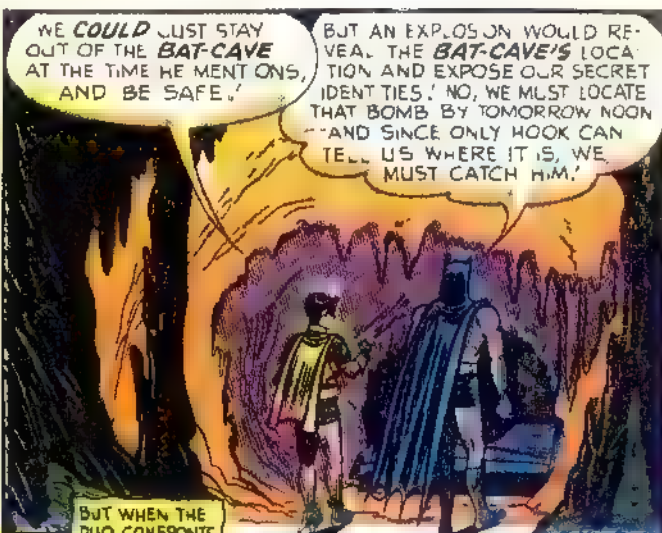
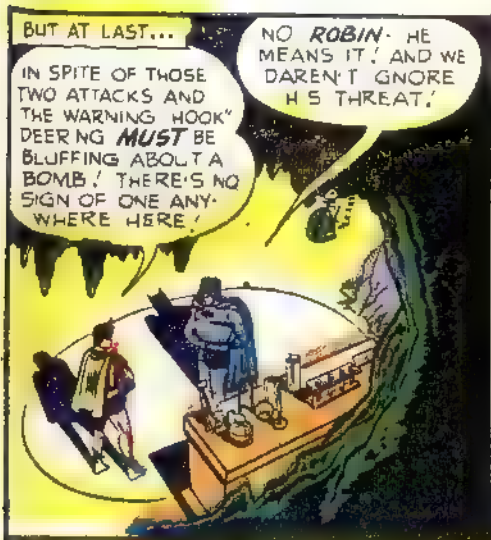
I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING, BATMAN!

EACH SECTION OF THE SECRET CITADEL IS MINUTELY EXAMINED...

THE DETECTOR DOESN'T SHOW ANY HIDDEN METALLIC OBJECT HERE!

AND NONE IS CONCEALED IN THE FILES!







AS THOUGH HAUNTED BY GHOSTS OF PAST SUMMER JOYS, THE ABANDONED AMUSEMENT-PIER SAGS ON A LONELY BEACH.

THIS PLACE IS A REAL CLEVER HIDEOUT FOR THE WATERFRONT ROBBERS AND THEIR LOOT--WHO'D EVER THINK OF LOOKING HERE?

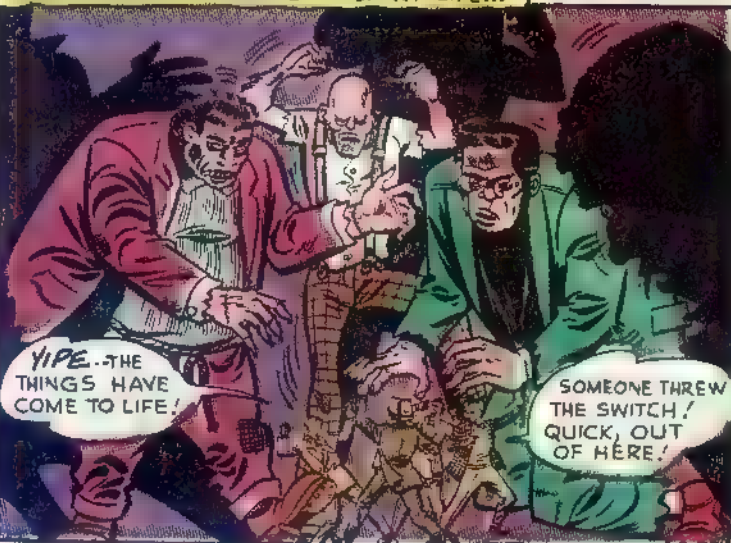
LOOK, FRESH TIRE-TRACKS THAT GO AROUND BEHIND THE OLD **FUN HOUSE!** WE'LL LOOK IN THERE!

PRESENTLY, INSIDE...

... WE'LL TAKE OUT THE LAST TRUCKLOAD TONIGHT AND SKIP TOWN! THE COP'LL BE LOOKING FOR A MAN WITH AN IRON-HOOK HAND, BUT MY NEW ARTIFICIAL ARM WILL FOOL THEM!

WHISPER: **ROBIN**-- SINCE THEY LIKE THIS FUN HOUSE WE'LL GIVE THEM SOME REAL FUN! GET YOUR ROPE READY!

AS THE **BATMAN** SHUTS A SWITCH, RUSTY FUN-DEVICE MONSTERS SPRING TO SHAKY LIFE...



YIPE--THE THINGS HAVE COME TO LIFE!

SOMEONE THREW THE SWITCH! QUICK, OUT OF HERE!



YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE JUST YET, "HOOK!"

**BATMAN!** I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT!

YOUR NEW ARTIFICIAL-ARM DISGUISE WON'T GET YOU OUT OF THIS! I WANT TO KNOW NOW--WHERE AND HOW DID YOU PLANT YOUR BOMB IN THE **BAT-CAVE** AS YOU THREATENED?

ARE YOU CRAZY? I NEVER SAW YOUR **BAT-CAVE** AND I NEVER THREATENED YOU!

IT WON'T WORK, "HOOK." EITHER TELL--OR WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE **BAT-CAVE** AND LEAVE YOU THERE AT NOON!

YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MINDS!

HE WON'T TELL, **BATMAN**--BUT HE WILL IN THE **BAT-CAVE**, TO SAVE HIMSELF!







# DETECTIVE COMICS



PRESENTLY, BOUND AND BLINDFOLDED, THE CRIMINAL IS ESCORTED INTO THE MOST GUARDED LAIR ON EARTH--THE BAT-CAVE!

WE'RE GOING IN NOW, HOOK--AND IT'S ONLY TWENTY MINUTES UNTIL NOON!

SO WHAT?

AFTER REMOVING THE BLINDFOLD THAT HAS PRESERVED THE CAVERN'S SECRET LOCATION...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LEFT, HOOK! FIFTEEN MINUTES, TILL YOUR HIDDEN BOMB GOES OFF! TELL US WHERE IT IS NOW, OR WE'LL LEAVE YOU HERE!

I TELL YOU, I DON'T KNOW! WOULD I WANT TO GET MYSELF KILLED?

DON'T LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE, IF THERE IS A BOMB GOING TO GO OFF!

IT'S YOUR OWN CHOICE, SINCE YOU WON'T TALK!

IF WE MAKE HIM BELIEVE WE'RE LEAVING, HE SHOULD CRACK!

BUT AS THEY LEAVE THE CRIMINAL'S SIGHT...

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!

HE SOUNDS CONVINCING-- BUT HE **MUST** HAVE GOT THE BOMB IN HERE SOMEHOW, AND BY MEANS OF US, SINCE NO ONE BUT US HAS ENTERED HERE!

NO ONE BUT US? BUT THERE HAS BEEN SOMEONE ELSE--HOOK DEERING HIMSELF!

ROBIN--NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND! I'VE BEEN BLIND--AND THERE ARE ONLY MOMENTS LEFT!

QUICK, GIVE ME THAT NEW ARTIFICIAL ARM OF YOURS! QUICK, MAN!

BATMAN, HAVE YOU CRACKED UP YOURSELF? THERE'S NO TIME NOW TO FOOL WITH HIS DISGUISE--

BUT, DETACHING HOOK'S NEW DUMMY ARM, BATMAN RACES DOOM ITSELF TO HIS LABORATORY...

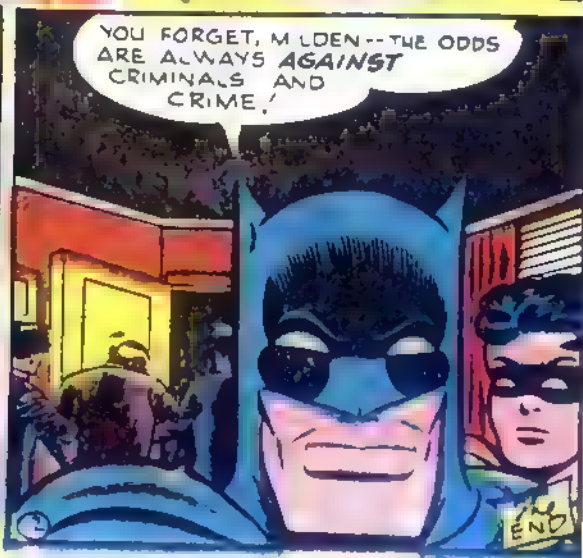
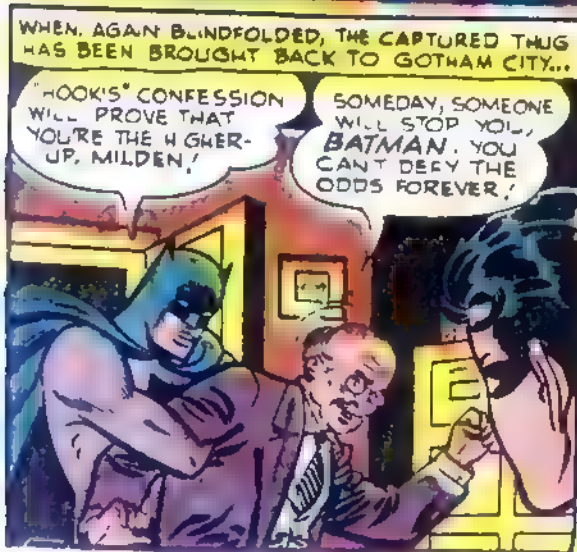
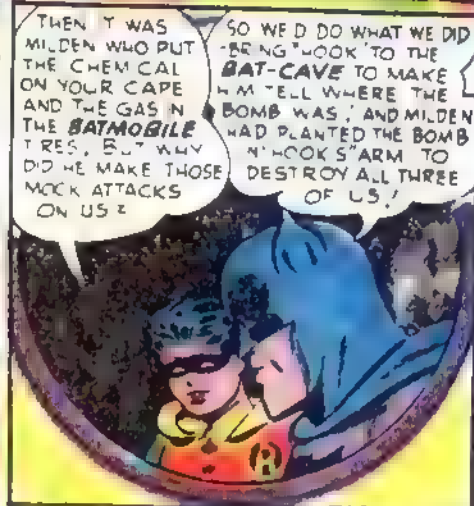
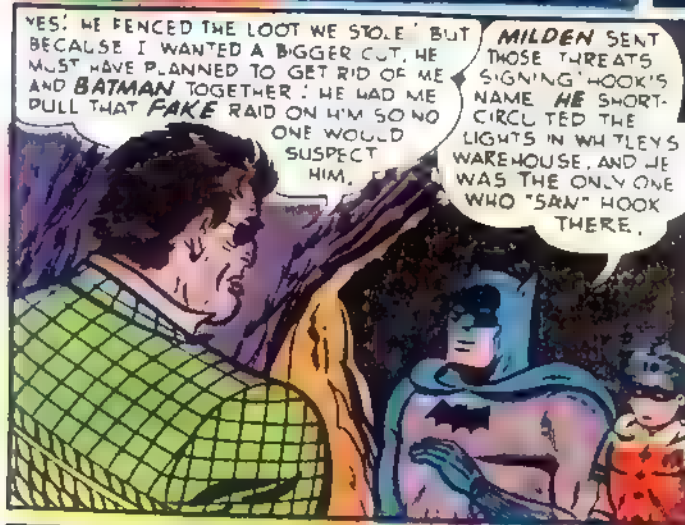
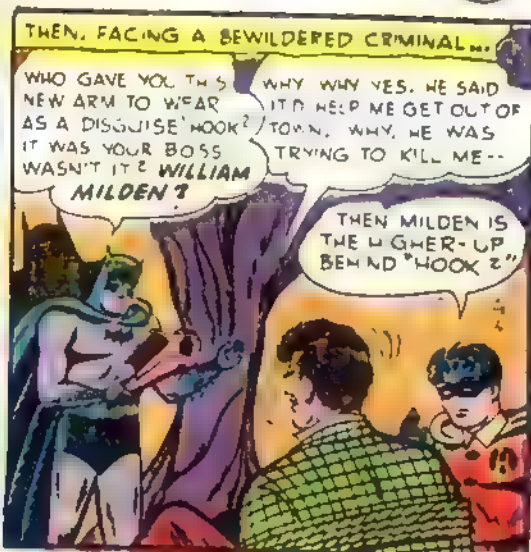
THE BOMB WAS IN HOOK'S NEW ARTIFICIAL ARM!

AND IT'S TIMED TO EXPLODE ONE MINUTE FROM NOW! UNLESS I CAN FIND THE FUSES!





# DETECTIVE COMICS









# QUICK QUIZ

HOW MANY DIFFERENT LANGUAGES DID THE VARIOUS AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES SPEAK?



135 DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.....  
(NOT INCLUDING DIALECTS)

WHAT IS THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH MADE OF?



SCIENTISTS BELIEVE THAT THE CORE OF THE EARTH IS **METALLIC!** HOWEVER, THE RANGE OF RELIABLE OBSERVATION (10 MILES) IS INSUFFICIENT TO DETERMINE EXACTLY WHAT COMPRISES THE EARTH'S INTERIOR!

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE A GOOD PANAMA HAT?



THE FINEST GRADE PANAMA HATS, WHICH ARE MADE IN ECUADOR, REQUIRE A FULL YEAR TO COMPLETE ONE! HAND-MADE BY EXPERT CRAFTSMEN, SUCH PANAMAS SELL FOR ABOUT \$1500 EACH!

WHAT AND WHERE WAS THE WARMEST TEMPERATURE EVER RECORDED BY A THERMOMETER?

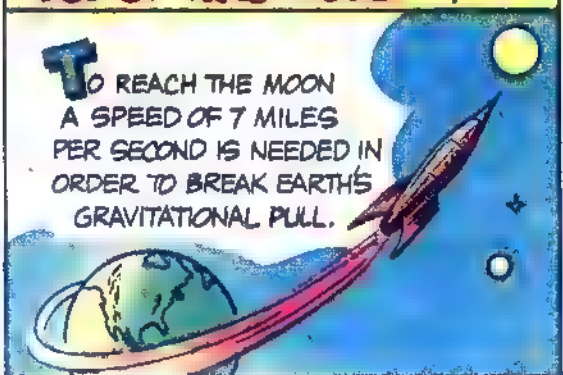


ON THE OASIS OF TOAUREGS, NORTH AFRICA, THE THERMOMETER REGISTERED IN 1927 **159 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT!**

ADVERTISEMENT

## OUT OF THIS WORLD by Necco

**T**O REACH THE MOON A SPEED OF 7 MILES PER SECOND IS NEEDED IN ORDER TO BREAK EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL.



**T**O REACH THE TASTIEST CANDY TREAT... SPEED TO YOUR NEAREST STORE FOR DELICIOUS **Necco** WAFERS, THE ORIGINAL SUGAR WAFER CANDY!



8 DELICIOUS FLAVORS!





# ROBOTMAN

**C**RIMINALS STUMBLE ON A PERFECT PLAN FOR ROBBERY — WHEN THEY LEARN HOW TO USE ROBOTMAN TO STEAL FOR THEM! THE MAN OF METAL IS FACED WITH THE GREATEST CHALLENGE OF HIS CAREER, FOR HE CAN NO LONGER CONTROL HIS BODY WHEN HE DISCOVERS THAT...

**ROBOTMAN BECOMES A ROBOT!**



**A GREAT STEEL BANK-VAULT DOOR YIELDS TO THE TITANIC POWER OF ROBOTMAN'S METAL MUSCLES...**



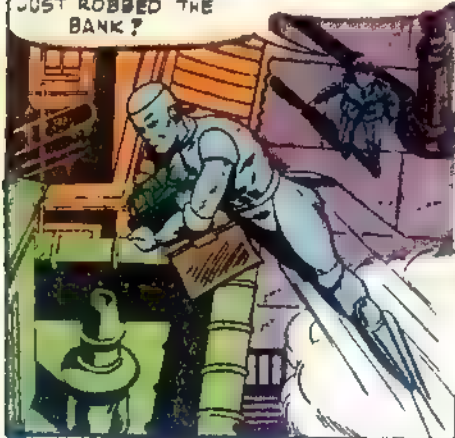
**UNDER THE WEIGHT OF A LAST FORTUNE IN MONEY AND FAMILY JEWELS, FLINCHED FROM SAFE-DEPOSIT BOXES, HE MOVES QUICKLY TO THE STREET**





... WHERE POWERFUL JETS ROAR INTO ACTION...

AM I SEEING THINGS?  
OR IS THAT ROBOTMAN—WHO HAS  
JUST ROBBED THE  
BANK?

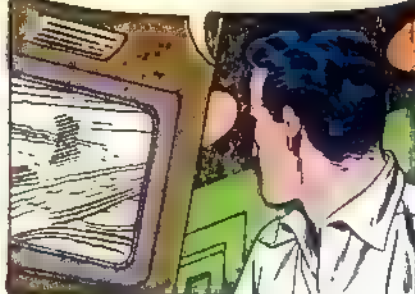


WHAT HAS HAPPENED  
TO ROBOTMAN?  
HAS HE REALLY "GONE  
BAD" AFTER YEARS  
OF FIGHTING CRIME  
IN ALL SHAPES AND  
GUISES?  
OR IS THERE SOME  
SINISTER SECRET  
BEHIND THE STRANGE  
ACTIONS OF THE  
MAN OF METAL?



FOR ONLY SHORT NIGHTS AGO, IN  
HIS EVERYDAY, HUMAN ROLE AS  
PAUL DENNIS, HE WAS SCANNING  
HIS TELEVISION SCREEN...

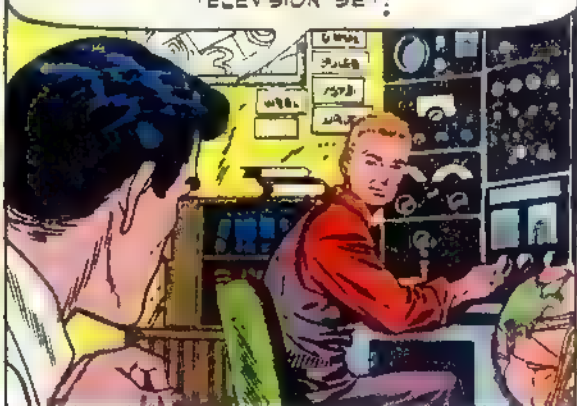
INTERFERENCE ON MY RECEPTION  
FROM MY FLYING DISCS, EQUIPPED  
WITH TV TRANSMITTERS, TO SHOW  
ME THE CITY, AND ANY CRIME  
THAT'S BEING COMMITTED IN IT!



HMMMM! I'LL BET A COOKE IT'S THAT BOY  
HAL MANNERS WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR, WHO'S  
CAUSING THAT INTERFERENCE. HE'S A RADIO  
HAM — AN AMATEUR RADIO  
BROADCASTER!

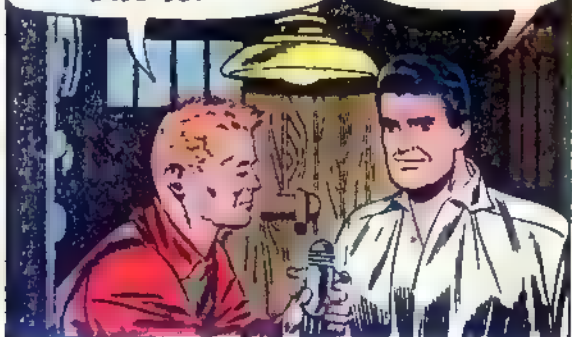


WELL, I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU — A LOW-  
PASS FILTER THAT CAN BE ATTACHED TO YOUR  
TRANSMITTER! IT'LL CUT OUT THE HARMONIC  
RADIATION THAT'S PLAYING HOB WITH MY  
TELEVISION SET!



SWELL THANKS. HAVE YOU GOT  
ANOTHER ONE, MR DENNIS? I  
HAVE A PORTABLE SET THAT  
I'M USING TO BROADCAST THE  
PARADE THIS SATURDAY. IT'S  
PART OF THE CHARITY  
RALLY AT THE FAR  
GROUNDS!

THIS IS THE  
ONLY ONE I  
HAVE, HAL.  
BUT I'LL GET  
YOU ONE  
BEFORE  
NEXT SATURDAY!



MOMENTS LATER, BACK IN HIS OWN WORKSHOP...

THE SETS WORKING FINE, NOW... AND SO ARE  
LEFTY JONES AND HIS GANG! THEY'RE ROBBING  
THE AJAX CANDY FACTORY PAYROLL!







# DETECTIVE COMICS



PAUL DENNIS DISAPPEARS AND  
IN HIS PLACE THE MIGHTY,  
GLEAMING METAL BODY OF  
ROBOTMAN APPEARS.

I'VE REMOVED MY PLASTIC  
FACE, AND THESE  
CLOTHES WHICH CONCEAL MY  
METAL BODY.



SO IT'S CANDY THEY'RE  
INTERESTED IN, IS IT?  
PERHAPS I CAN PUT  
AN ACNE IN THAT  
GANG'S  
SWEET-TOOTH!



INSIDE THE CANDY FACTORY, A FLUR OF  
HIS HAND SENDS A STICKY MASS OF  
TAFFY ROLLING ALONG THE FLOOR.

I ALWAYS SAID YOU COULD CATCH  
FOLKS WITH SWEETNESS.



BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW  
CHOCOLATE-COVERED CROOKS!

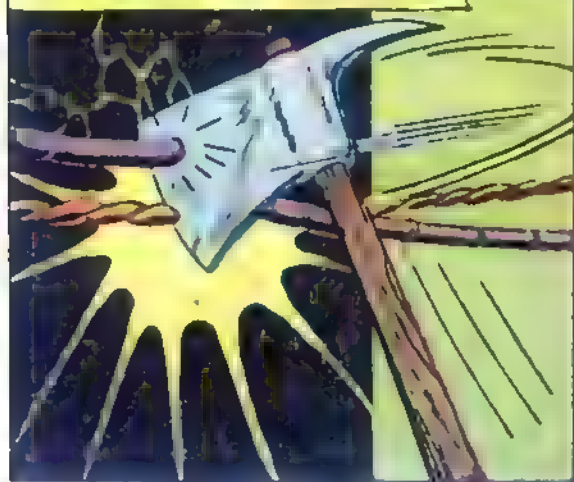


LEFTY JONES! I WANT  
YOU, MOST OF ALL!  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
WITH THAT AXE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT YOU  
METAL NEEDLER!



LEFTY WIELDS A WELL-ARMED AXE.



IT'S A LIVE WIRE SHOCKING ME RIGHT  
THROUGH MY INSULATION GGGNNNNNGGG!







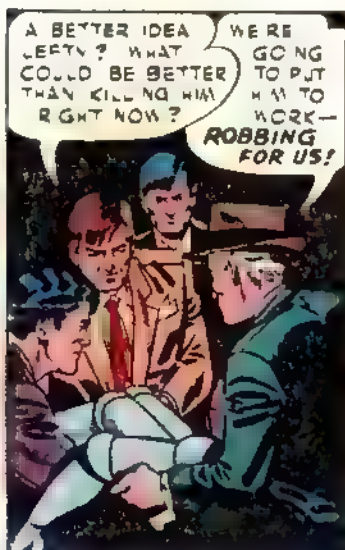
# DETECTIVE COMICS



WHAT A CHANCE TO FINISH THIS GUY OFF!

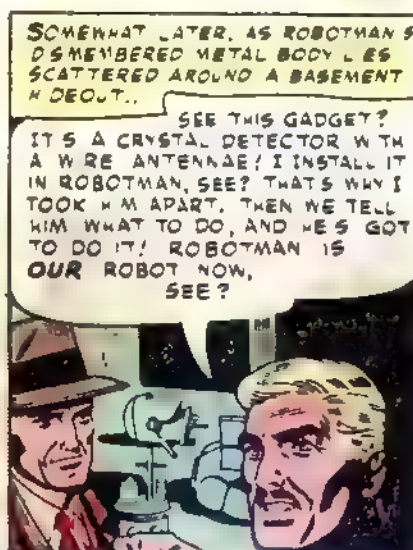
I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS ALL MY LIFE!

SO! WHAT I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!



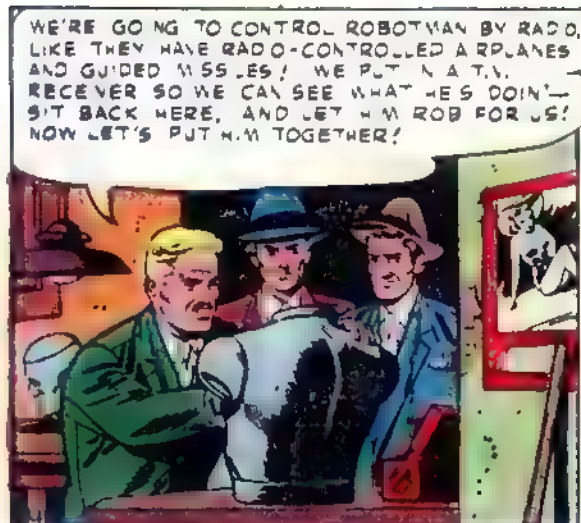
A BETTER IDEA LEFTY? WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN KILLING HIM RIGHT NOW?

WE'RE GOING TO PUT HIM TO WORK—ROBBING FOR US!

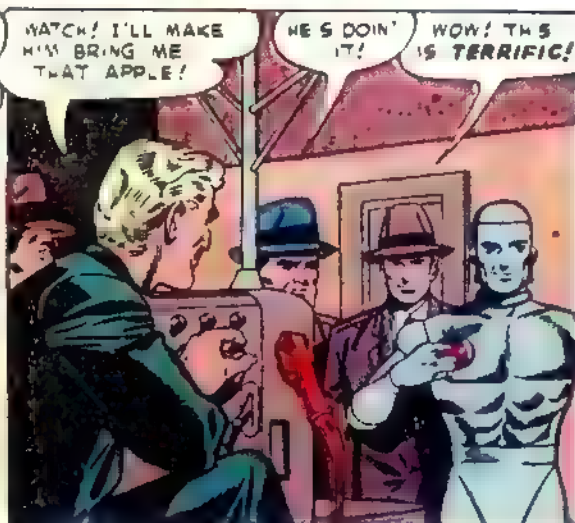


SOMENHAT LATER, AS ROBOTMAN'S DISMEMBERED METAL BODY LIES SCATTERED AROUND A BASEMENT HIDEOUT...

SEE THIS GADGET? IT'S A CRYSTAL DETECTOR WITH A WIRE ANTENNAE! I INSTALL IT IN ROBOTMAN, SEE? THAT'S WHY I TOOK HIM APART, THEN WE TELL HIM WHAT TO DO, AND HE'S GOT TO DO IT! ROBOTMAN IS OUR ROBOT NOW, SEE?



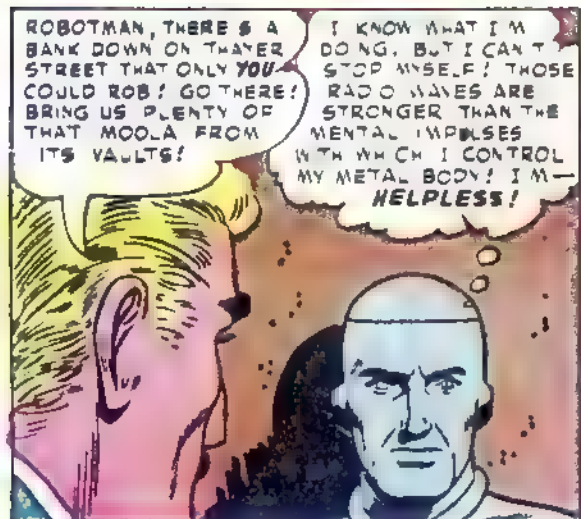
WE'RE GOING TO CONTROL ROBOTMAN BY RADIO, LIKE THEY HAVE RADIO-CONTROLLED AIRPLANES AND GUIDED MISSILES! WE PUT A T.V. RECEIVER SO WE CAN SEE WHAT HE'S DOIN'—SIT BACK HERE, AND LET HIM ROB FOR US! NOW LET'S PUT HIM TOGETHER!



WATCH! I'LL MAKE HIM BRING ME THAT APPLE!

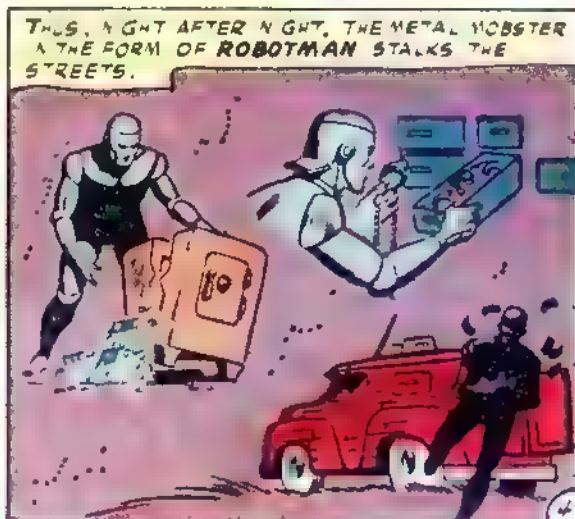
HE'S DOIN' IT!

WOW! THIS IS TERRIFIC!



ROBOTMAN, THERE'S A BANK DOWN ON THAYER STREET THAT ONLY YOU COULD ROB! GO THERE! BRING US PLENTY OF THAT MOOLA FROM ITS VAULTS!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, BUT I CAN'T STOP MYSELF! THOSE RADIO WAVES ARE STRONGER THAN THE MENTAL IMPULSES WITH WHICH I CONTROL MY METAL BODY! I'M—HELPLESS!

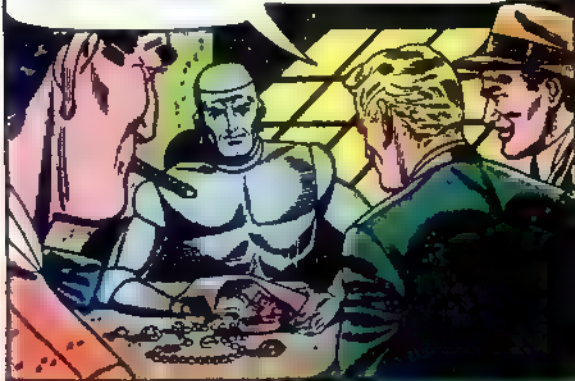


THIS, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THE METAL MOBSTER IN THE FORM OF ROBOTMAN STALKS THE STREETS.

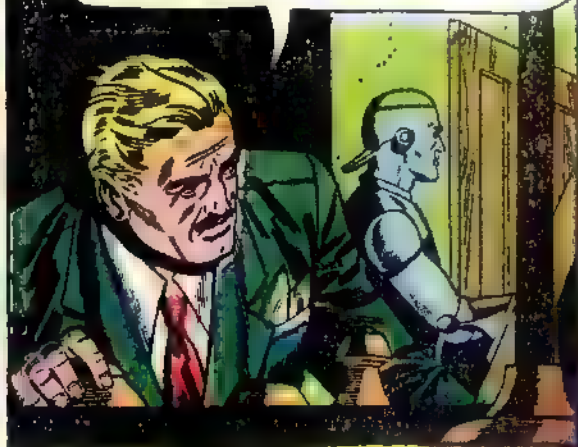


... RETURNING IN THE GRIP OF HIS RADIO CONTROL TO THE BASEMENT HIDEOUT...

HA, HA! THIS IS RICH. HAW! HAW! I CAN'T GET OVER IT! ROBOTMAN — THE TERROR OF THE UNDERWORLD — ROBBING FOR US, WHILE WE TAKE LIFE EASY!



GET BUSY, ROBOTMAN! I GOT A JOB LINED UP FOR YOU AT THE BIJOU THEATRE! JOHNNY LAY IS SINGING THERE, AN' THEY'RE CLEAN N' UP!



SHORTLY AFTER, BACKSTAGE AT THE BIJOU THEATRE...

POLICE! POLICE! ROBOTMAN JUST WALKED OFF WITH MY SAFE — WITH A WEEK'S RECEIPTS INSIDE IT!



I TRY TO FIGHT THOSE RADIO IMPULSES THAT MAKE ME ROB, BUT I CAN'T! ITS AS IF I'M HYPNOTIZED, EXCEPT THAT I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING AND CAN'T STOP IT!

I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO BREAK AWAY FROM THOSE RADIO IMPULSES! BUT JUST NOW I CAN GO ABOUT DOING THAT — I DON'T KNOW!



YOU'RE DOIN' A SWELL JOB, ROBOTMAN! NICE GOIN'!

ONE THING YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO — AND THAT'S TO MAKE ME ROB THE CHARITY RALLY TAKING PLACE AT THE FAIR GROUNDS TOMORROW!



YOU CAN'T REFUSE! YOU GOT NO CONTROL OVER YOUR BODY ANY MORE! AND SINCE YOU MENTIONED IT, THAT'LL BE YOUR NEXT JOB!

GOOD! HE FELL FOR MY BAIT. NOW IF THIS WORKS OUT THE WAY I HOPE, I CAN GET FREE OF HIM!



NOT ONLY ARE YOU GOIN' TO BREAK OPEN THE UNDERGROUND VAULT THAT THEY'VE BUILT TO STORE THEIR MILLION DOLLARS IN CHARITY, BUT SINCE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU'RE WORKING AGAINST THE LAW, YOU'RE NOT WORTH NOTHIN' TO US NO MORE! WE'RE GOING TO PUT A BOMB IN YOU AND FINISH YOU OFF AT THE SAME TIME!

YEAH, AND SOME OF US WILL BE WAITIN' TO RUSH IN, SCOOP UP THE MONEY AND TAKE OFF!







# DETECTIVE COMICS



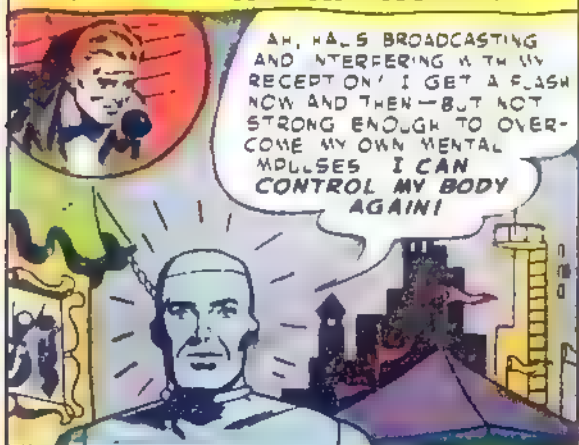
LEFTY PUT A TIME BOMB INSIDE MY CHEST! UNLESS I CAN GET CONTROL OF MY BODY AGAIN, THE BOMB WILL BLOW OPEN THE LOCKS ON THE UNDERGROUND VAULT AT THE FAIR GROUNDS AS WELL AS KILL ME AT THE SAME TIME!



HAL MANNERS IS MY ONLY HOPE! HE IS GOING TO BROADCAST THE EVENT TO HIS FELLOW MANIS ON HIS PORTABLE RADIO SENDING SET—THE ONE I DIDN'T GET THAT LOW-PASS FILTER FOR!



AS HAL MANNERS SENDS HIS VOICE OUT ACROSS THE AIR WAVES, HE UNWITTINGLY BREAKS THE RADIO-BAND THAT CONTROLS ROBOTMAN.



AH, HAL'S BROADCASTING AND INTERFERING WITH MY RECEPTION! I GET A FLASH NOW AND THEN—BUT NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO OVERCOME MY OWN MENTAL PULSES. I CAN CONTROL MY BODY AGAIN!

AT THAT MOMENT...

WHAT'S WRONG? WE LOST HIM!

INTERFERENCE! SOMEBODY'S JAMMING THE AIR LINES! IF I DON'T GET ROBOTMAN UNDER CONTROL SOON—WE'LL PULL OUT THE CABLES AND GO FREE!



LEFTY STRUGGLES FRANTICALLY, AND THEN...

TOO LATE, GENTLEMEN! I'M ALREADY FREE—WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR YOU! YOU BOYS ARE HEADING FOR THE NEAREST JAIL!



SOME WEEKS LATER...

ANY SPECIAL PROGRAM YOU GUYS WOULD LIKE TO HEAR ON THE RADIO?

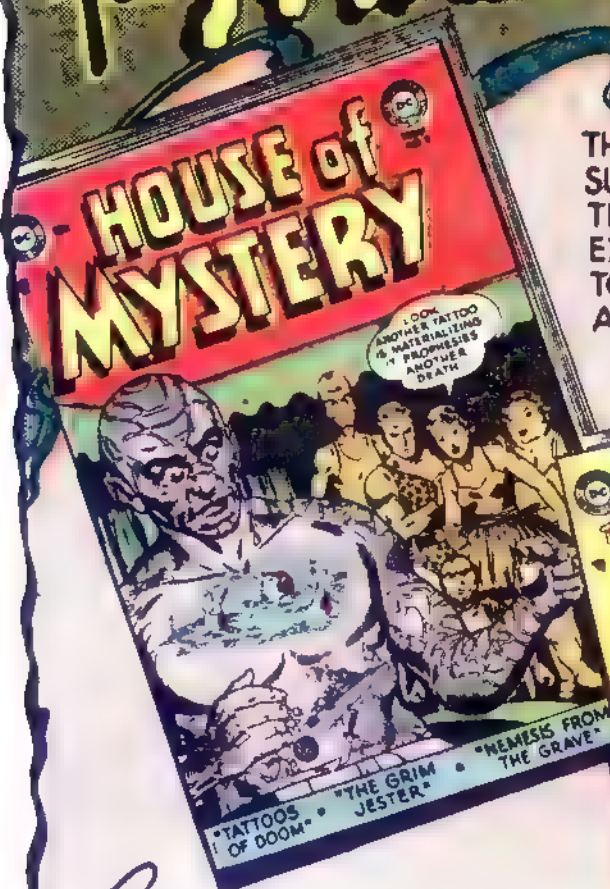
AHHHHH, SHADDUP!





# Two More Thrilling Magazines for **MYSTERY** Fans!

WE ALL KNOW  
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE  
SUPERNATURAL... WE KNOW  
THERE'S ALWAYS A LOGICAL  
EXPLANATION FOR WHAT SEEMS  
TO BE WEIRD AND GLOOMY  
AND UNEXPLAINABLE....



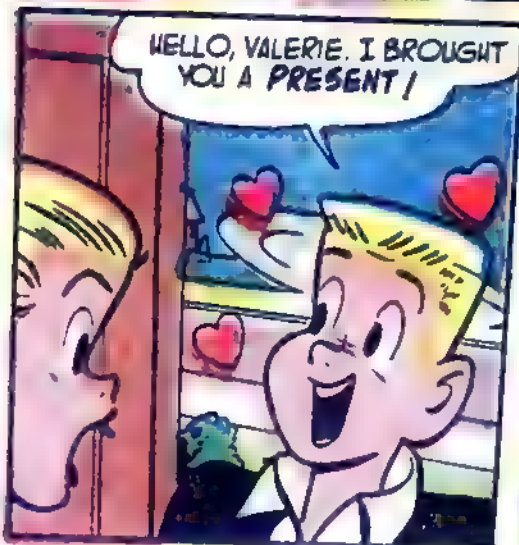
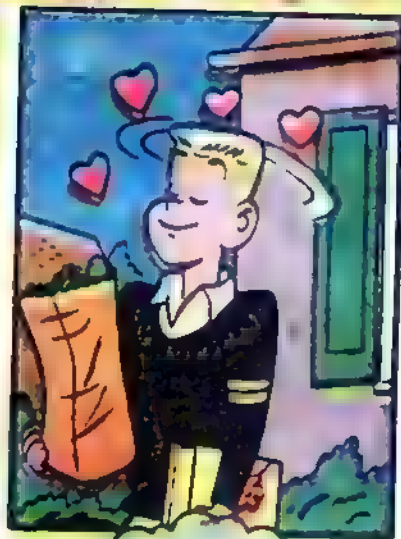
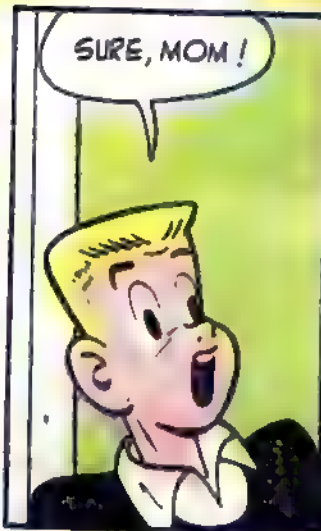
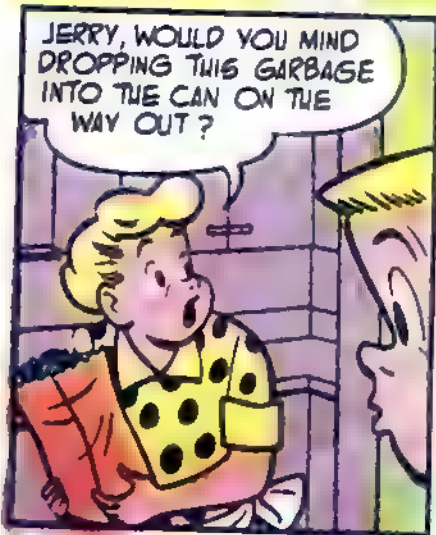
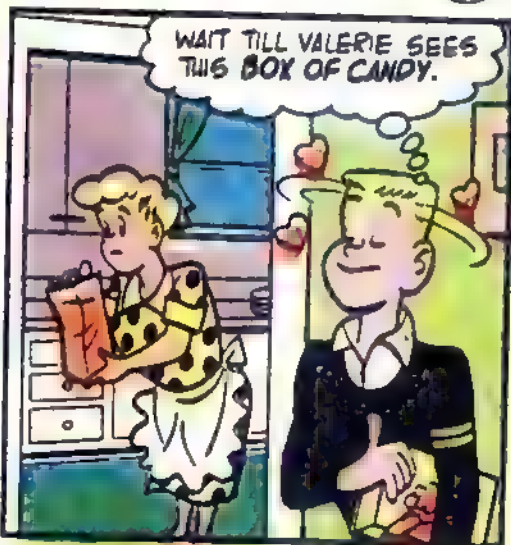
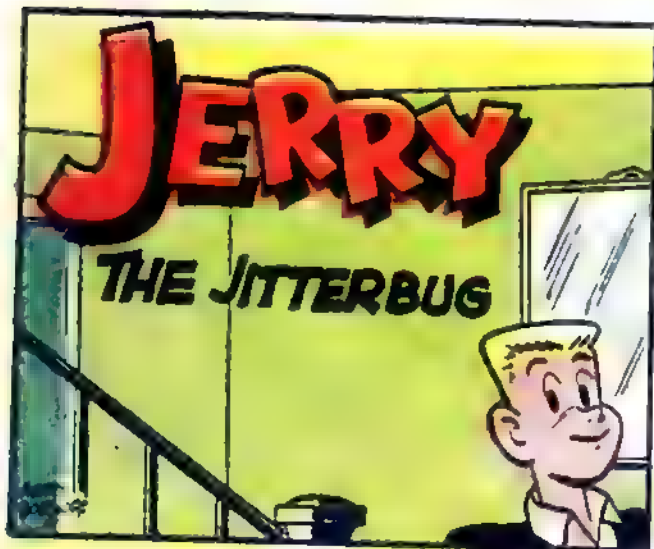
BUT IT'S FUN TO SEARCH  
THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS  
DARK TUNNELS OF THESE  
EXCITING STORIES IN SEARCH  
OF THE TRUTH!



ON SALE  
*Everywhere!*

YOU'RE SURE TO  
ENJOY THEM!







# IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE

CAN A MERE MORTAL POSSESS THE POWER TO SEND ANOTHER MAN TO HIS DEATH, THEN SUMMON HIM BACK FROM THE GRAVE? DON'T ANSWER FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE SUCH A FEAT PERFORMED BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES! AND EVEN ROY RAYMOND FAMED EXPOSER OF THE SO-CALLED IMPOSSIBLE, MAY NOT BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN IT AS HE STAKES HIS LIFE AGAINST THE POWERS OF

**'THE KING OF BLACK MAGIC!'**

SEE STRANGER? THE MAN HAS WALKED THROUGH A RAGING FIRE AND STILL LIVES! NOW EXPOSE ME OR DIE!

I CAN'T EXPOSE YOU! I DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S DONE!

ONE DAY AS ROY RAYMOND NEARS THE MIDWAY POINT ON A ROUND-THE-WORLD JACKET SEEKING NEW MATERIAL FOR HIS FAMED TELEVISION SHOW, 'IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE!

HERE'S AN ODDITY IN ITSELF, KAREN! AN UNCHARTERED ISLAND IN THIS DAY AND AGE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO ASHORE?

I'VE GAVE IF YOU ARE, ROY!

DISSEMBARKING, THE OLD-HEADS ISLAND, AND JUST AS THEY REACH THE NATIVE VILLAGE

FOR DISOBEYING MY ORDERS AND ATTEMPTING TO LEAVE THE ISLAND WITHOUT PERMISSION, I ORDER YOU THREE TO BE PUT TO DEATH!

HEAR! THAT'S A PRETTY STRONG SENTENCE FOR A SIMPLE ACT OF DISOBEDIENCE.

RIGHT KAREN! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T GET THAT SENTENCE REPEATED







LOOK HERE! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE HAVING THESE MEN KILLED JUST FOR LEAVING THE ISLAND WITHOUT PERMISSION?

DO NOT TRY TO STOP MALACCA, STRANGER! HE POSSESSES POWER OVER LIFE AND DEATH! IF WE DO NOT OBEY HIM, HE WILL CAST A SPELL OVER US ALL!

RIDICULOUS! HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE SUCH NONSENSE? MY NAME IS ROY RAYMOND, AND I HAVE SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE EXPOSING PHONIES LIKE MALACCA!

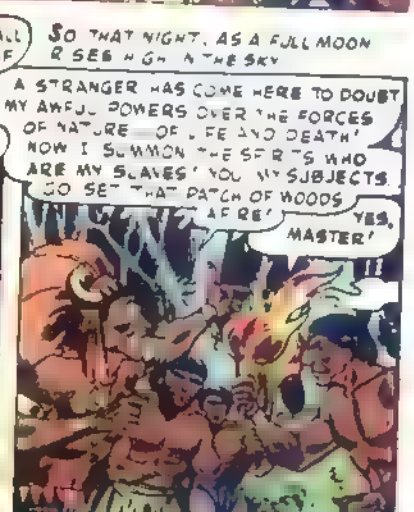
SO YOU DOUBT MY POWERS? SEIZE HIM!



YOU ARE MY PRISONER NOW! TONIGHT, WHEN THE MOON RISES FULL OVER THE ISLAND, I SHALL SEND ONE OF THESE CONDEMNED MEN TO HIS DEATH **THREE TIMES** AND EACH TIME, I SHALL BRING HIM BACK TO LIFE!

IF YOU EXPOSE ME STRANGER, I SHALL LEAVE THIS ISLAND FOREVER! BUT IF YOU FAIL TO EXPOSE ME, YOU WILL FORFEIT YOUR LIFE!

YOU'RE VICIOUS AND CRUEL BUT YOU WON'T SUCCEED THIS TIME!



SO THAT NIGHT, AS A FULL MOON RISES HIGH IN THE SKY

A STRANGER HAS COME HERE TO DOUBT MY AWFUL POWERS OVER THE FORCES OF NATURE—OF LIFE AND DEATH! NOW I SUMMON THE SPIRITS WHO ARE MY SLAVES! YOU MY SUBJECTS GO SET THAT PATCH OF WOODS ON FIRE!

YES, MASTER!



SOME TIME LATER, AS A RAGING BLAZE SWEEPS THROUGH THE SMALL PATCH OF WOODS

WRETCHED MAN, YOU WILL NOW WALK INTO THE MOUTH OF THAT FIRE! BUT FEAR NOT FOR YOU WILL RETURN UNHARMED!

YES, MASTER

WAT A MAUTE YOU CAN'T LET HIM DO THAT!

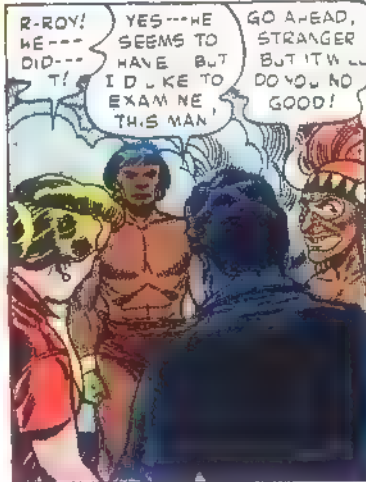
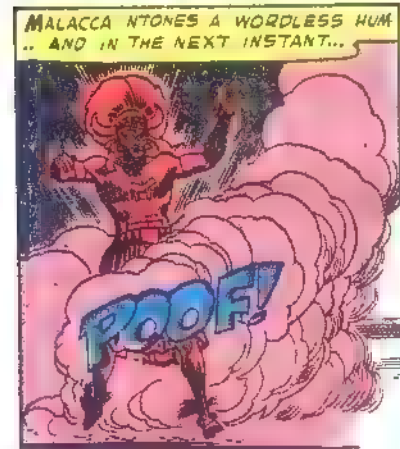
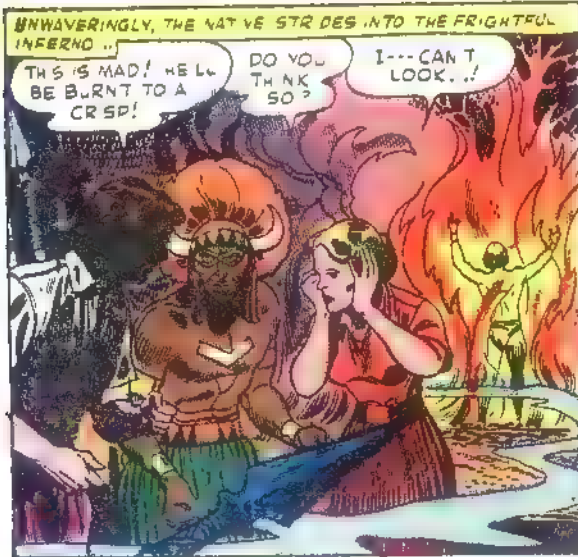


ARE YOU AFRAID LEST I PROVE MY POWERS, STRANGER?

NO, BUT

HE SEEMS PRETTY SURE ABOUT WHAT HE'S DOING, ROY! I TRUST MALACCA I AM NOT AFRAID!







FOR MY SECOND MAGICAL DEMONSTRATION, WE MUST CLIMB TO THE PEAK OF MOUNT HERNANI, WHICH WE CALL THE DEVIL VOLCANO. NEVER MIND THE STAGE EFFECTS, MALACCA! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

AND AFTER THE SLOW, WINDING ASCENT TO THE PEAK...

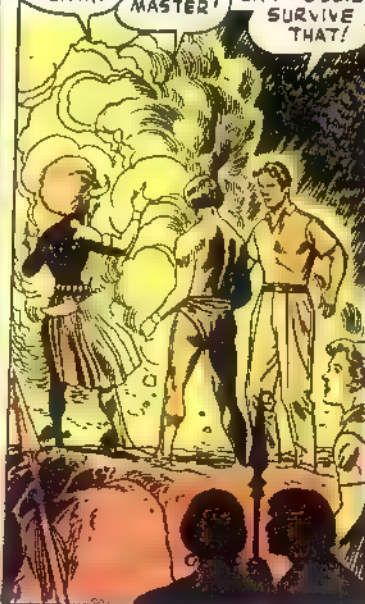
NOW, WALU, YOU WILL DIVE HEADLONG INTO THE CRATER, WHICH, AS ALL CAN SEE, IS ALIVE WITH MOLTEN LAVA!

NO! NO MAN CAN POSSIBLY SURVIVE THAT!

YES, MASTER!

YOU ARE RIGHT! NO MAN COULD SURVIVE THAT. WITHOUT MY PROTECTION! BUT JUST AS I WALKED THROUGH THE WALL OF FIRE, SO WILL I PROTECT HIM IN THIS WELL OF DEATH!

I'VE SEEN LOTS OF IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE THINGS IN MY TIME... BUT THIS BEATS THEM ALL!



AND ONCE AGAIN, AS MALACCA'S INTONING CASTS AN UNEASY PALL OVER THE GROUP...

I HAVE WOVEN A SPELL OF SAFETY, ABOUT YOU! NO HARM WILL BEFALL YOU, WALU! SPRING! SPRING TO YOUR DEATH!

I OBEY, MASTER!

UGH! IF... IT'S TERRIBLE!

YES...EVEN IF IT IS SOME KIND OF TRICK! BUT HOW IS HE DOING IT? HOW?

AND NOW, I SHALL ERASE THE LOOK OF HORROR ON YOUR FACES BY BRINGING WALU BACK!

YES, MALACCA... YOU DO THAT!





ANOTHER GIBBERING INTONATION BY THE WITCH DOCTOR... ANOTHER PUFF OF SMOKE, AND...

YES, EXAMINE HIM CAREFULLY, AND YOU WILL FIND NOT A MARK ON HIM! NOW FOR MY FINAL DISPLAY! AND REMEMBER.. IF YOU FAIL TO EXPOSE ME BY THEN, **DIE, STRANGER!**



WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING NOW, YOU MONSTER? TURN AROUND... AND YOU WILL FIND OUT!



SEE? A MILLSTONE ABOUT WALU'S NECK... THEN A SHEER DROP OF 1,000 FEET TO THE OCEAN BELOW! NO MAN COULD LIVE THROUGH IT BUT WALU WILL!

WALU WILL **NOT**, BECAUSE I WON'T LET HIM! AND THIS TIME I MEAN IT!



I ACCEPT YOUR WITHDRAWAL... AND DEMAND THE FORFEIT OF YOUR LIFE!



ROY, YOU CAN'T... YOU CAN'T GIVE UP UNTIL YOU EXPOSE HIM!

THAT'S JUST THE POINT... I **CAN** EXPOSE HIM!

CAN YOU? SHOW ME NOW!



BY RIPPING THIS OFF... A DEVILISH CLEVER MASK OF THE FIRST NATIVE WHO DIED... THE ONE NAMED WALU... AND A DUPLICATE OF THE MASK WORN BY THE SECOND VICTIM, WHO ALSO DIED!

Y-YOU... MEAN...?



YES, KAREN... MALACCA SENT WALU TO HIS DEATH IN THAT FOREST FIRE! THEN HE EXPLODED ONE OF THOSE GIMMICK SMOKE-SCREEN CAPSULES TO HIDE THE SUBSTITUTION OF THE OTHER NATIVE, WEARING A LIFELIKE MASK OF WALU, LIKE THIS ONE!

B-BUT... WHY DID WALU AND THE OTHERS SUBMIT TO THIS... THIS INHUMAN TRICK OF MALACCA'S?







# DETECTIVE COMICS



BECAUSE THEY REALLY BELIEVED MALACCA WAS SINCERE! DON'T FORGET... HE'S HAD THESE PEOPLE BUFFALOED FOR YEARS. AND BESIDES, THE THREE MEN WERE CONDEMNED TO DIE ANYHOW, SO THEY HAD NOTHING TO LOSE BY PLAYING ALONG WITH HIM!

JGH. HOW TERRIBLE! WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT THE TRUTH, ROY?

NOTHING, KAREN... I SIMPLY KNEW THE WHOLE THING HAD TO BE A HOAX... SO I SIMPLY SLIPPED A PENNY INTO THIS POCKET OF THE SECOND VICTIM, AND WHEN I JUST WENT LOOKING FOR IT... NO PENNY!

I SEE. THE PENNY IS... IS SOMEPLACE DOWN THERE!



JUST THEN...

LOOK! MALACCA'S TRYING TO ESCAPE!

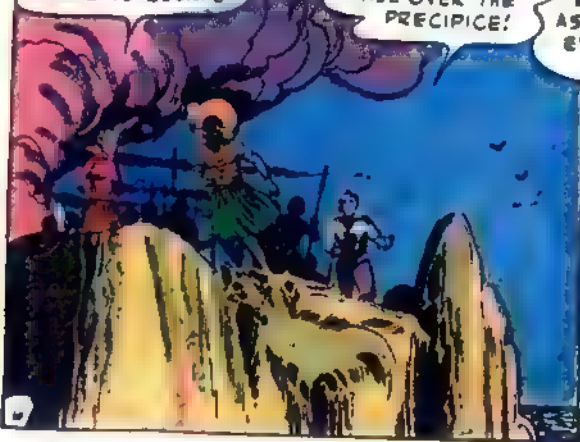
SEIZE HIM!

THE GROUND IS CRUMPLING! HE'LL FALL OVER THE PRECIPICE!

WELL, IF HE REALLY HAD THE MAGIC HE BOASTED OF, NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS EVER TO USE SOME OF IT!

HE WAS A MONSTER... AND HE DESERVED JUST WHAT HE GOT!

INDEED. HAD HE SURVIVED NOW, WE WOULD CERTAINLY PUNISH HIM WITH DEATH ANYHOW! WE THANK YOU, STRANGER, FOR EXPOSING HIM AT LAST!



THE END

## ADVERTISEMENT



"I wish he'd get interested in a girl and start using Wildroot Cream-Oil!"



**"YOUR HAIR'S BEST FRIEND"**

DON'T FLUNK the Finger Nail Test! Don't let dry, unruly hair and loose, ugly dandruff spoil your looks! Keep your hair neat and natural all day long with Wildroot Cream-Oil!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

**WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC**

DR. JAMES H. LADDEN

GROOMS THE HAIR

RELIEVES ITCHNESS

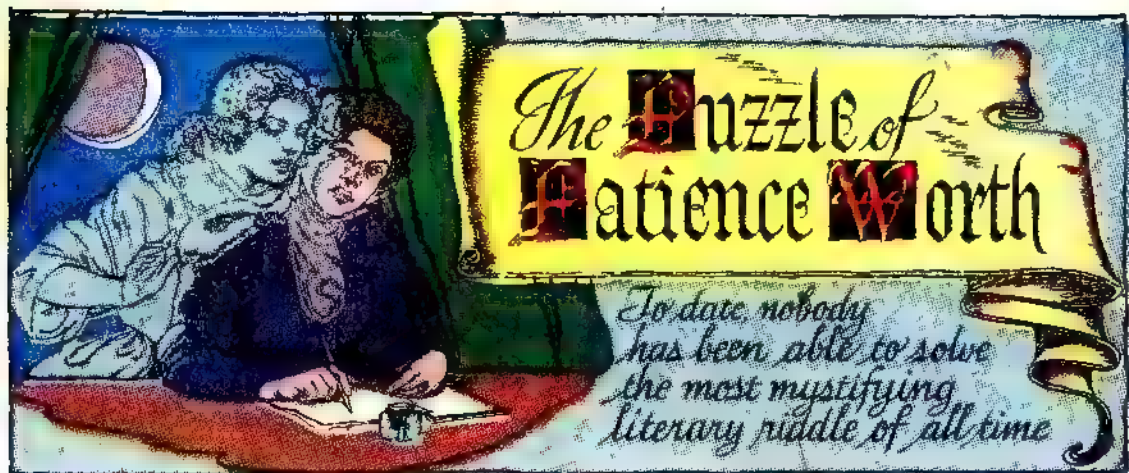
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

WILDROOT CO.



29





**N**OT so long ago in the United States, a problem was handed to the nation's outstanding scientists that stopped them cold. They had been requested by sane and sober periodicals to come up with a rational explanation for the phenomenon of Patience Worth. And they couldn't—they simply couldn't.

Who was Patience Worth, and why had she suddenly become a fit subject to tax the combined brains of our leading scientists?

It will be necessary to go back to a sultry evening in July of 1913. Two St. Louis housewives, a Mrs. John Curran and a Mrs. Emily Hutchins were amusing themselves with a popular parlor sport of the times, an ouija board.

In those days, nearly everyone owned a ouija board, which was supposed to enable one to speak with the spirits, receive messages, etc. Spiritualism had just about reached its peak in 1913, and the ouija was a manifestation of this interest.

It might be well to point out at the outset that neither woman had previously evidenced any really strong interest in mediums and spiritualism—no more, that is, than the average person. And they were playing with the ouija board in the same manner as many woman in all walks of life amuse themselves by telling each other's fortunes with cards or tea leaves.

Mrs. Curran was holding the pointer when

it happened. "It" was a sudden and strong pressure on her hands, and before their startled eyes, they watched as the pointer spelled out a distinct message:

"Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name."

The two gentle women stared at the message, and then at each other. For a long moment, neither one of them could muster up enough courage to speak a word. But finally Mrs. Curran swallowed hard, and after a struggle, found her voice.

"Er—exactly who are you?" she whispered.

The answer was immediately forthcoming, informing Mrs. Curran that the lady on the other end was Patience Worth. She had been born in Dorsetshire, England, in 1694, and had always wanted to be a writer.

That's how it all started—the beginning of what is doubtless the strangest and most inexplicable literary collaboration in the history of psychic phenomena. During the next 15 years, Patience Worth, utilizing Mrs. Curran as medium, produced four full-length novels and almost 2,500 poems, for a combined total of 3,000,000 words.

Mrs. Curran was interviewed, and tested by leading scientists and psychologists in America, but none could find any evidence of fraud or chicanery. And the skeptical suspicion of



many who at first considered it all part of a gigantic hoax was also doomed to disappointment.

Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, of the Boston Society for Psychic Research, had spent considerable time on the case, and his conclusions were shared by the leading psychologists of the times. Dr. Prince said:

"Either our concept of what we call the subconscious must be radically altered so as to include potencies of which we hitherto have had no knowledge, or else some cause operating through, but not originating in, the subconscious of Mrs. Curran must be acknowledged."

Mrs. Curran's (or, if you will, Patience Worth's) first novel was entitled, "A Sorry Tale." It was published by one of the more reputable publishing houses in July of 1917, exactly four years to the month after she received the first visitation.

The New York Times immediately stamped it as a serious and significant work, and was lavish with superlatives in describing it.

Patience Worth must have been considerably encouraged by the favorable reviews, for she immediately put her medium to work on another novel. The second one, "Hope Trueblood," revolved around a peasant girl in 17th century England, and was highly praised by a London reviewer as "a landmark of fiction."

But Patience did not confine herself to novels. She offered the world, through her medium, some really excellent poetry. Its value can be judged from the fact that in "Braithwaite's Anthology of Poetry for 1917," Vachel Lindsay was represented by three poems, Edgar Lee Masters by a single poem, Amy Lowell by three poems—and Patience Worth by FIVE poems!

At first, Mrs. Curran received her messages via the ouija board, one letter at a time. But halfway through the book, she began to "see" whole passages, and henceforth dictated to her

husband at the rate of over 100 words a minute.

Now here is the clincher. Hardly a dozen of the 3,000,000 words in her novels and poems were of a later vintage than the 17th Century, and etymologists who examined her words testified that it was impossible, without years of intensive study, for a person to compose as much as a short story in 17th century English.

What's more, all agreed that a middle-class housewife who had never attended high school, and never ventured outside of Missouri, could hardly be expected to write a 70,000-word narrative in iambic blank verse in 70 hours.

Non-believers who came to investigate were startled at what they saw. Mrs. Curran often worked on three or four stories at the same time, and was in the habit of skipping from one to the next in a single sitting without once losing track of the story.

Once, her husband mislaid an entire chapter of "A Sorry Tale." He was deeply troubled by his carelessness, but Patience Worth thought nothing of it. She obligingly dictated the whole chapter all over again.

Are you wondering if historians ever discovered a real Patience Worth living in the long-ago? They did! A girl by that name was found to have been born in Dorsetshire County, England, in 1694. Some 30 years later, she migrated to America and was killed during an Indian attack in King Philip's War. Moreover, many of the architectural landmarks referred to in her novels still stand in her native county. Local records indicate that other landmarks existed around 1694.

Patience Worth stopped communicating with Mrs. Curran in 1928, and nine years later, Mrs. Curran died. But to this date, nobody has been able to solve this most mystifying literary puzzle of all times.

—Jack E. Miller



## Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Professor of  
Clinical Psychiatry,  
New York University,  
College of Medicine

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on  
Children's Reading  
Child Study Association  
of America



The following magazines  
all bear this trademark

AS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN COMICS READING:

ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS  
ALL-AMERICAN  
MEN OF WAR  
ALL STAR WESTERN  
ANIMAL ANTICS  
BATMAN  
BIG TOWN  
BOB HOPE  
BUZZY  
COMIC CAVALCADE  
DEAN MARTIN  
and JERRY LEWIS  
A DATE WITH JUDY  
DETECTIVE COMICS

FLIPPITY & FLOP  
FUNNY FOLKS  
FUNNY STUFF  
GANG BUSTERS  
HERE'S HOWIE  
HOUSE OF MYSTERY  
LEADING COMICS  
LEAVE IT TO BINKY  
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
THE PHANTOM  
STRANGER  
MYSTERY IN SPACE  
MUTT & JEFF  
OUR ARMY AT WAR

PETER PORKCHOPS  
REAL SCREEN COMICS  
REX THE WONDER DOG  
SENSATION MYSTERY  
STAR SPANGLED  
WAR STORIES  
STRANGE ADVENTURES  
SUPERBOY  
SUPERMAN  
THE FOX & THE CROW  
TOMAHAWK  
WESTERN COMICS  
WONDER WOMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

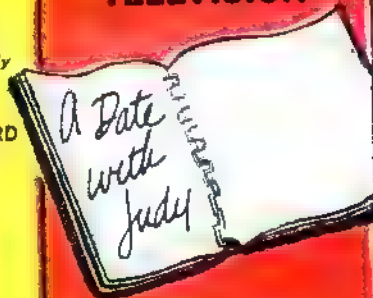
Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study  
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. S. HARCOURT PEPPARD

Director, Essex County  
Juvenile Clinic  
Newark, N. J.

**NOW** on  
**TELEVISION**



...the American  
Family's favorite  
daughter

See your local paper  
for time and channel

AMERICAN  
BROADCASTING COMPANY





# POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN  
LAW-  
MAN

WHY DO GHOSTLY THIEVES IN MEDIEVAL SPANISH ARMOR WANT THE CENTURIES-OLD COLGAR SKIN, DAUBED WITH FADED PICTURES, THAT TELLS A GRIM INDIAN LEGEND? WHAT SECRET DOES IT HOLD? OH YES, FAMED S.O.L.X. LAWMAN KNOWN TO THE PALEFACES AS POW-WOW SMITH, FINDS THE ANSWER BURIED IN A FORGOTTEN DISASTER OF ANCIENT TIMES, AS HE BRAVES WEIRD MIDNIGHT PERILS TO AVERT A MODERN TRAGEDY BY DISCOVERING..

## THE SECRET OF BAD MEDICINE CANYON!

ONE DAY, AS POW-WOW SMITH SEES THE VOLCANIC ROCK OF BAD MEDICINE CANYON BLASTED BY MEN SEEKING RUINS OF AN OLD SPANISH FRONTIER FORT..

SCARY, POW-WOW? FRAID WE'LL STIR UP GHOSTS O' THE SPANARDS KILLED HERE 300 YEARS AGO IN A ROCKS DE... LIKE IN THE LEGEND YORE REDSKINS TELL?

GHOSTS DON'T WORRY ME, MR. GARD!



BUT MOST LEGENDS ARE TRUE, EXCEPT FOR FANCY TRIMMINGS ADDED BY LATER STORY-TELLERS! MAYBE THE OLD-TIMERS HAD GOOD REASON FOR WARNING FOLKS AWAY FROM THIS CANYON!

HEAR THAT, BOYS? LIKE I TOLD YUH, ALL INJUNS ARE SUPERSTITIOUS. EVEN WHEN THEY GET TO BE BIG LAWYERS LIKE POW-WOW!







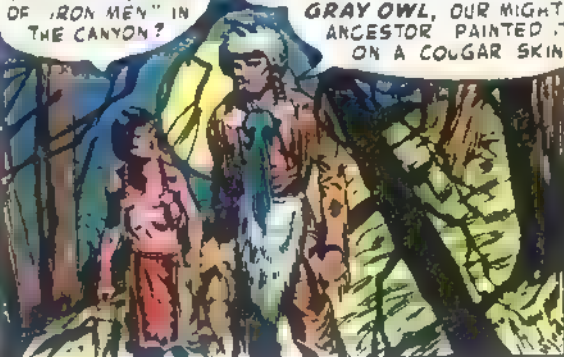
# DETECTIVE COMICS



THAT NIGHT, IN RED DEER VALLEY, AS AN OLD SQUAW MEDICINE MAN AND HIS YOUNG GRANDSON RETURN FROM A NOONLIGHT FISHING TRIP

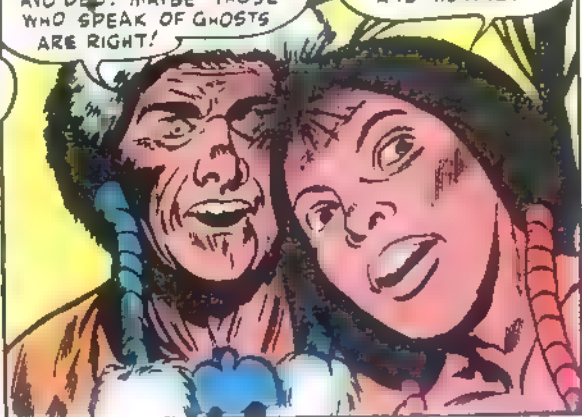
IS IT TRUE, BLUE RAVEN, THAT THE PALEFACES MAY WAKE THE GHOSTS OF "IRON MEN" IN THE CANYON?

WHO KNOWS, RABBIT CHASER? NO GHOSTS APPEAR IN THE PICTURE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED THERE, AS GRAY OWL, OUR MIGHTY ANCESTOR PAINTED IT ON A COUGAR SKIN!



BUT NEITHER DID GRAY OWL, THE HERO OF THE STORY, WHO LIVED TO TELL IT! SAY WHY THE CANYON SHOULD BE AVOIDED! MAYBE THOSE WHO SPEAK OF GHOSTS ARE RIGHT!

LOOK! SOMETHING IS SKINNING THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT... AND MOVING!



NEXT INSTANT...

AI-EEE! GHOSTS OF THE "IRON MEN"!

RIGHT! AN' WE'LL TURN YOU INTO A GHOST, TOO. IF THIS OLD CODGER DON'T HUSTLE AN' GET US THAT COUGAR SKIN WITH THE PICTURES ON IT!



BUT BLUE RAVEN'S COURAGE BURNS FIERCELY FOR ALL HIS FEEBLENESS OF AGE... YI-I-I!

GHOSTS OR MEN, YOU ARE EVIL! LET THE BOY GO!

I'LL MAKE YUH SORRY FOR THAT, YUH OLD GOAT!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE TRAIL NEARBY, WHERE POW-WOW HEADS HOME FROM THE CANYON...

YOU'LL GIT US THAT WIDE... OR ELSE!

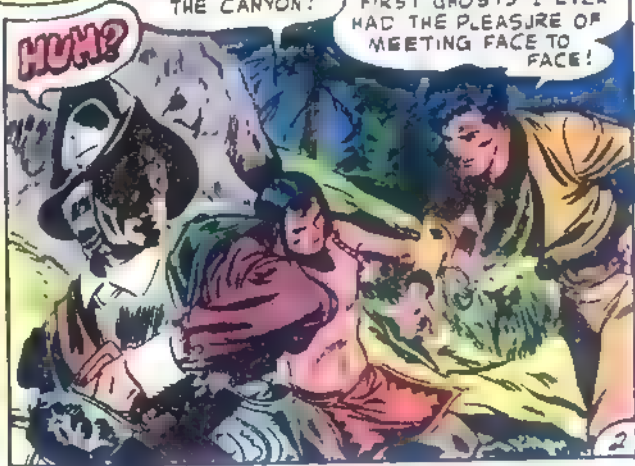
WHOA! SOUNDS LIKE A LAWYAN MIGHT BE NEEDED UP THERE!

INSTANTLY...

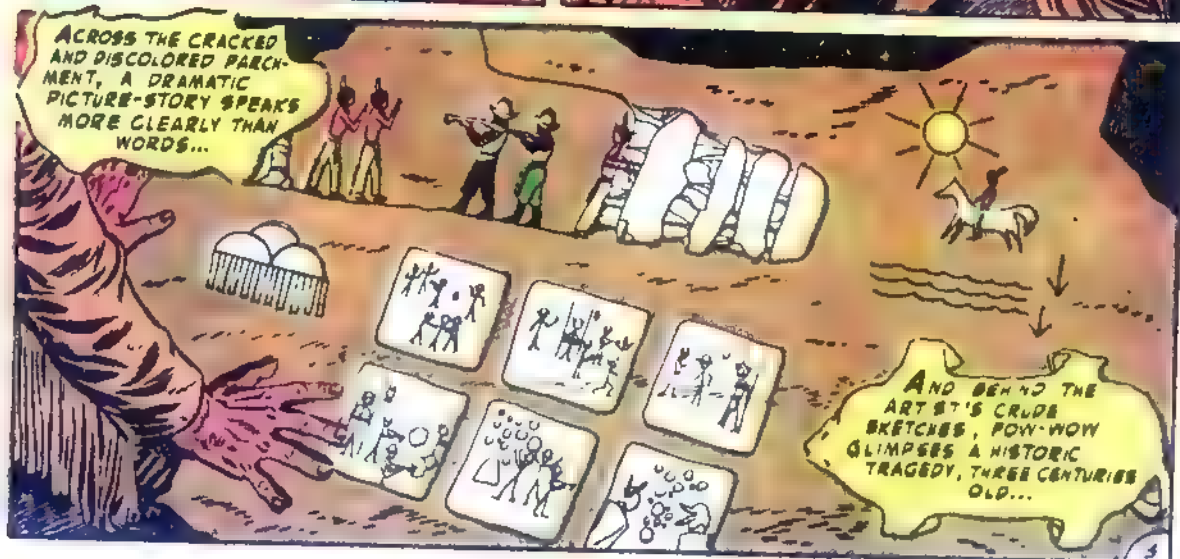
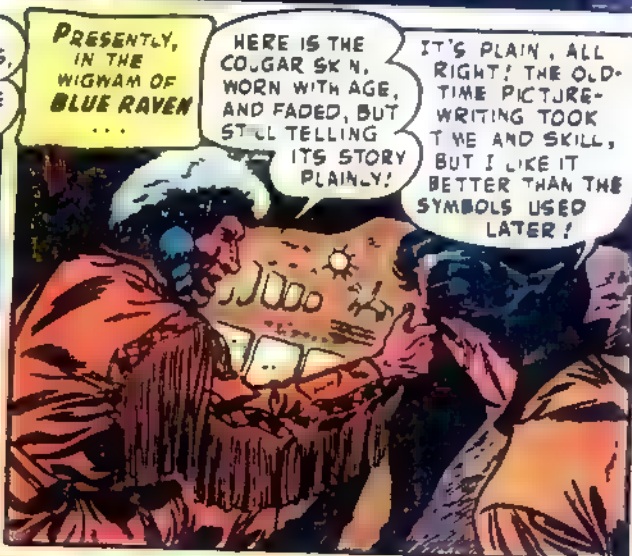
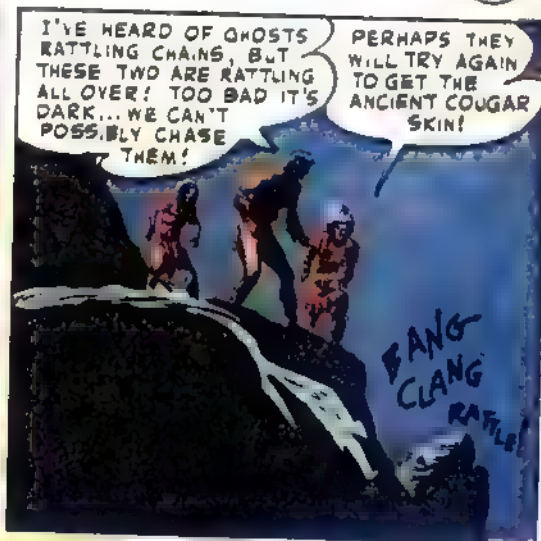
POW-WOW! THEY'RE GHOSTS FROM THE CANYON!

YO. DON'T SAY, RABBIT CHASER! FIRST GHOSTS I EVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING FACE TO FACE!

HUM?











# DETECTIVE COMICS



IN OLDER TIMES (THE STORY RELATES) ARMOR-CLAD CONQUERADORES FROM SPAIN SEIZED GRAY OWL AGED SHAMAN OF THE INDIANS LIVING NEAR BAD MEDICINE CANYON.



WE HAVE FOUND NO GOLD, SO WE WILL MAKE THE INDIAN BRING US TREASURE BY HOLDING THEIR MEDICINE MAN AS HOSTAGE!

BRINGING HIM TO A STONE PILLAR IN THE CAVE WHERE SUPPLIES AND VALUABLES WERE STORED, THE SPANISH GAVE THEIR ULTIMATUM.



WE SHALL GO WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER TILL YOU FILL THIS CAVE WITH TREASURE!

AI-EEE! HE MUST WORK HARD AND FAST, OR HE WILL DIE!

BUT LATER, GRAY OWL OVERHEARD THE TREACHEROUS SCHEME OF THE SPANISHES.



WE WILL KEEP EMPTYING THE CAVE, SO THEY CAN NEVER FILL IT! AND WHEN THE OLD ONE DIES WE WILL CAPTURE THEIR CHIEF TO KEEP THEM WORKING!

THEY ARE EVIL! MUST DESTROY THEM, OR THEY WILL DESTROY MY PEOPLE! THEY DO NOT KNOW IT, BUT THE STONE TO WHICH I AM TIED IS CRACKED!

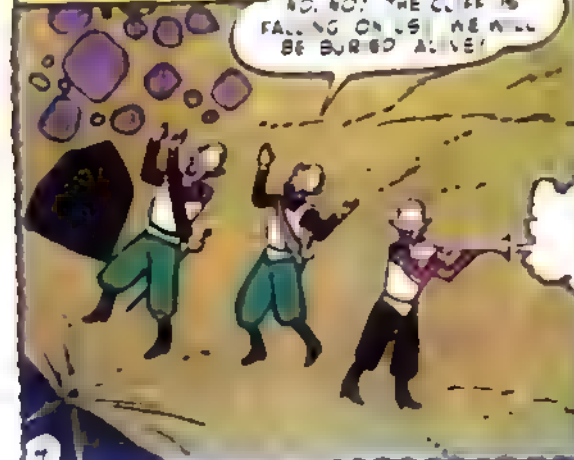
NEXT DAY WHEN THE INDIANS BROUGHT THEIR TREASURES.



RUN, MY BROTHERS! BECAUSE THEY ARE EVIL, THE SPANISH ARE ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED BY GREAT MAGIC! HURRY! BEFORE YOU ARE DESTROYED WITH THEM, AND DO NOT EVER COME BACK HERE!

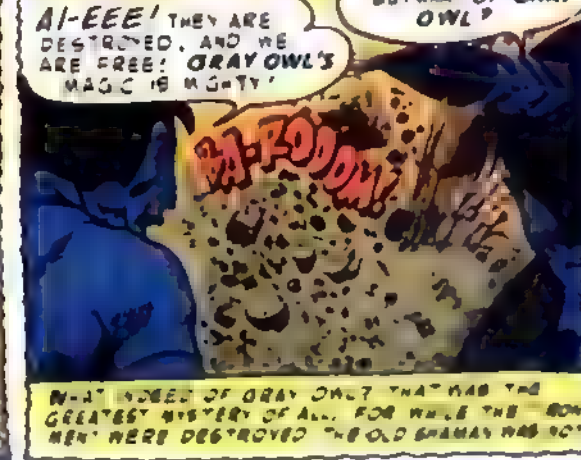
GRAY OWL IS VERY WISE! LET US FLEE, AS HE SAYS!

AND BEFORE THE SPANARDS COULD SHOOT THE RUNNING RED MEN.



NO, NO! THE CLIFF IS FALLING ON US! WE WILL BE BURIED ALIVE!

MOMENTS LATER, AS A THUNDEROUS ROAR FILLED BAD MEDICINE CANYON.



AI-EEE! THEY ARE DESTROYED, AND WE ARE FREE! GRAY OWL'S MAGIC IS MIGHTY!

BUT WHAT OF GRAY OWL?

WHAT BECAME OF GRAY OWL? THAT WAS THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF ALL. FOR WHILE THE SPANISH WERE DESTROYED THE OLD SHAMAN WAS NOT.





YES, GRAY OWL LIVED TO MAKE THESE PICTURES, SO FUTURE GENERATIONS WOULD KNOW THE CANYON WAS REAL! NO ONE EVER KNEW HOW HE ESCAPED, OR WHAT MAGIC HE USED!

WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH MAGIC TO SHAKE DOWN PARTS OF THAT CLIFF, SPLT AND BROKEN AS IT WAS... AND STILL IS BY ANCIENT EARTHQUAKES!



ANYWAY, THIS SKIN'S TOO VALUABLE TO LET FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THOSE GHOSTLY OR FLESH-AND-BLOOD! WHY NOT LET ME TAKE IT TO TOWN AND PUT IT IN THE SAFE AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE FOR THE TIME BEING?

WHATEVER YOU SAY, OH YESA! I WOULD GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE... BUT I WOULD TRUST BOTH IT AND MY LIFE IN YOUR HANDS!

PRESENTLY, AS THE INDIAN LAWMAN RIDES THE DARK TRAIL TO TOWN...

NO WAY OF PROVING IT, BUT IT'S REASONABLE TO SUPPOSE GRAY OWL HAD THE STRENGTH TO BREAK THE STONE TO WHICH HE WAS TIED, JARRING THE CAVE ENOUGH TO START THAT ROCKSLIDE!



SO DEEP ARE HIS THOUGHTS, HE DOES NOT SENSE THE CROUCHING THREAT OF TWO GHOSTLY FIGURES...

AND IF GRAY OWL WASN'T CRUSHED, IT MUST HAVE BEEN BECAUSE ONLY THE FRONT OF THE CAVE COLLAPSED... AND THERE WAS SOME OTHER WAY OUT THROUGH THE BACK!

SHH... GET READY...



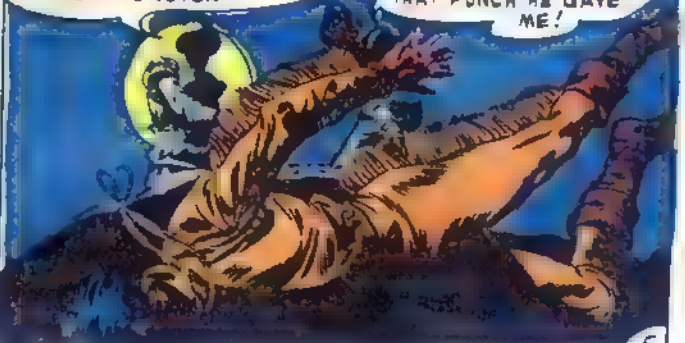
ABRUPTLY...

WHAT? UH-H-H...

GOT HIM! HE'S OUT COLD!

A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK! WE'VE GOT THE COUGAR SKIN, AND WE'RE RID O' THAT NOSEY INJUN FOREVER!

HOPE HE HITS BOTTOM HARD! MY FACE WILL BE SORE FOR DAYS FROM THAT PUNCH HE GAVE ME!





HOURS LATER, AS THE SUN RISES...

WHAT? NOW I REMEMBER MEN IN SPANISH ARMOR SURPRISING ME! THEN WE OFF THE CLIFF! AND LUCK MY FALL HADN'T BEEN BROKEN BY THESE BUSHES! A-CH! THEY COULDN'T SEE IN THE DARK. I'D BE A DEAD IND AN' NOW!



THEY GOT THE COLGAR SKIN PICTURES AND SCARED OFF MY HORSE! GOT TO REACH **BAD MEDICINE CANYON** BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF BLASTING IN THAT DIRECTION!



SHORTLY AS RONNON PEERS INTO THE CANYON FROM A VANTAGE POINT ON ITS BROKEN RIM...

THEY'VE CLEARED AWAY A LOT OF THE RUBBLE FROM THE OLD SPANISH FORT, AND EVEN UNCOVERED A PART OF THE CAVE! I WAS RIGHT! ONLY THE FRONT PART OF THE CAVE COLLAPSED BACK IN **GRAY OWL'S TIME!**



AND AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF WHERE ARCHEOLOGISTS AND THEIR DYNAMITE CREW ARE UNAWARE OF THE WATCHER ABOVE...

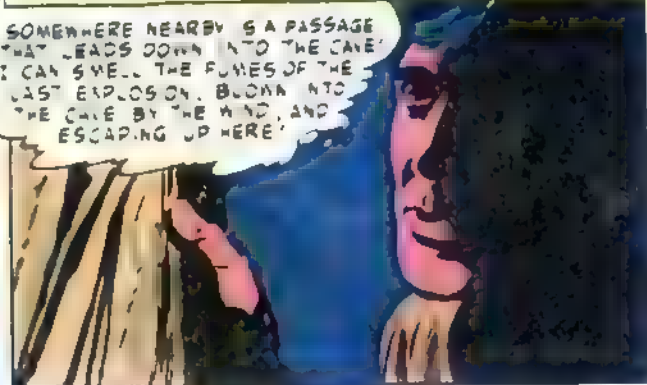
WAT TILL ME AN' THE BOYS SEE IF IT'S SAFE TO TOUCH OFF ANOTHER EXPLOSION TO CLEAR THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE, PROFESSOR!

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON BRINGING DOWN THE CLIFF AGAIN, MR GARD! WE'RE HOPING TO FIND VALUABLE HISTORIC RECORDS A THERE!

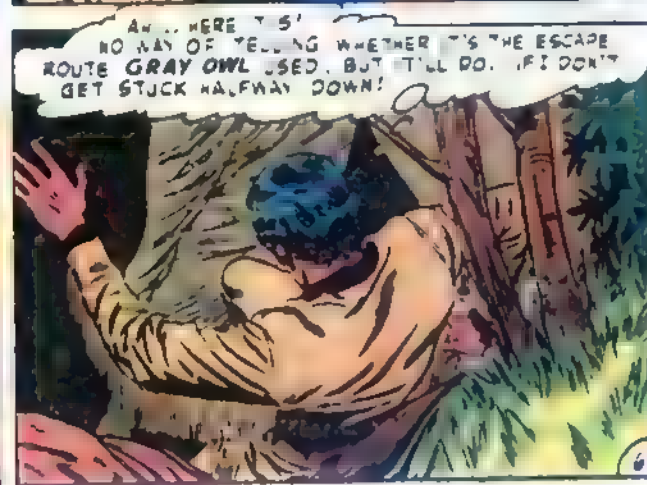


MEANWHILE, FAR OVERHEAD, THE INDIAN DEPUTY PROWLERS WATCHFULLY, SNIFFING LIKE A WOLF ON THE CANYON TRAIL...

SOMEWHERE NEARBY IS A PASSAGE THAT LEADS DOWN INTO THE CAVE! I CAN SMELL THE FUMES OF THE LAST EXPLOSION, BLOWN INTO THE CAVE BY THE WIND, AND ESCAPING UP HERE!



AN... HERE IT IS! NO WAY OF TELLING WHETHER IT'S THE ESCAPE ROUTE GRAY OWL USED, BUT I'LL DO. IF I DON'T GET STUCK HALFWAY DOWN!



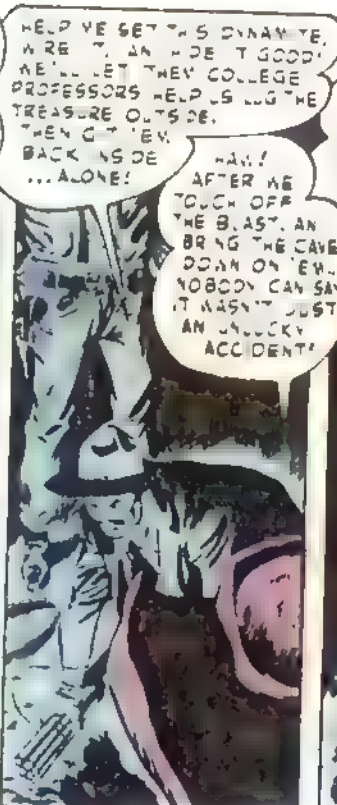




WHILE INSIDE THE CAVE... I TAKE A  
LOOK AT  
THE PILE  
O' DUST

PHEN! LOOK  
AT THE PILE  
O' DUST

THIS DUST... ALL  
GOLD! IT'S THE  
TREASURE THE  
COUGAR-SKIN TELLS  
ABOUT. AND THERE'S  
A DOZEN CHESTS  
OF IT!



HELP ME SET THIS DYNAMITE,  
WE'RE TRYING TO GET IT GOOD!  
WE'LL LET THEM COLLEGE  
PROFESSORS HELP US LOG THE  
TREASURE OUTSIDE.  
THEN GET 'EM  
BACK INSIDE  
...ALONE!

HAW!  
AFTER WE  
TOUCH OFF  
THE BAST, AN  
BRING THE CAVE  
DOWN ON 'EM.  
NOBODY CAN SAY  
IT WASN'T JUST  
AN UNLUCKY  
ACCIDENT!



JUST THEN, AT THE LOWER END OF  
POW NOW'S PRECARIOUS PASSAGE...

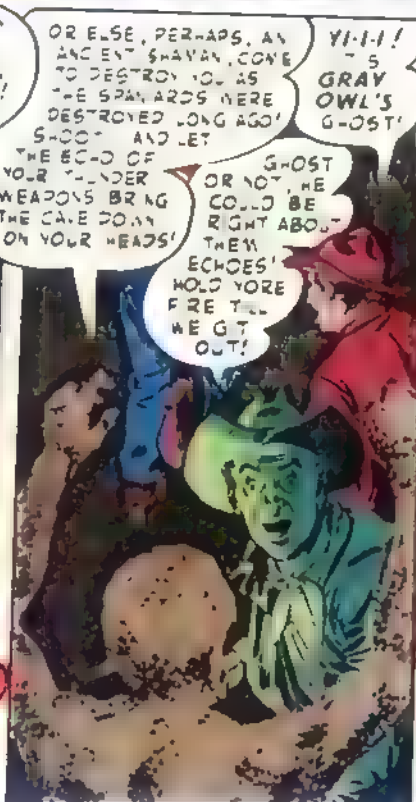
WE'LL CACHE THE  
TREASURE WHERE  
NOBODY CAN FIND  
IT. THANK GOOD-  
NESS, THAT INJUN  
DEPUTY WON'T BE  
AROUND TO ASK  
QUESTIONS!

OOPS! MAYBE  
I WON'T, AT  
THAT'S A  
SLIPPING,  
AND THE  
ROCK'S  
CRUMBING  
WHEN I  
GRAB IT!



NEXT MOMENT... A ROCK FALLING  
INTO THAT PILE  
O' DUST! NO, IT AIN'T,  
NEITHER! IT'S MOVIN'!  
IT'S AN ANIMAL...  
OR ELSE...

WHAT'S  
THAT?



OR ELSE, PERHAPS, AN  
ANCIENT SHAVAN, CAME  
TO DESTROY YOU AS  
THE SPANARDS WERE  
DESTROYED LONG AGO!  
SHOO! AND LET  
THE ECHO OF  
YOUR TUNDER  
WEAPONS BRAG  
THE CAVE DOWN  
ON YOUR HEADS!

YI-I-I!  
-S  
GRAY  
OWL'S  
G-O-S-T!

GHOST  
OR NOT, HE  
COULD BE  
RIGHT ABOUT  
THEM  
ECHOES!  
HOLD YORE  
FIRE TELL  
WE GET  
OUT!



BUT AS THE THREE RACE FOR  
THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE

NO! YOU  
CANNOT  
ESCAPE!

HELP!  
IT'S  
GOT  
ME,  
GARD!

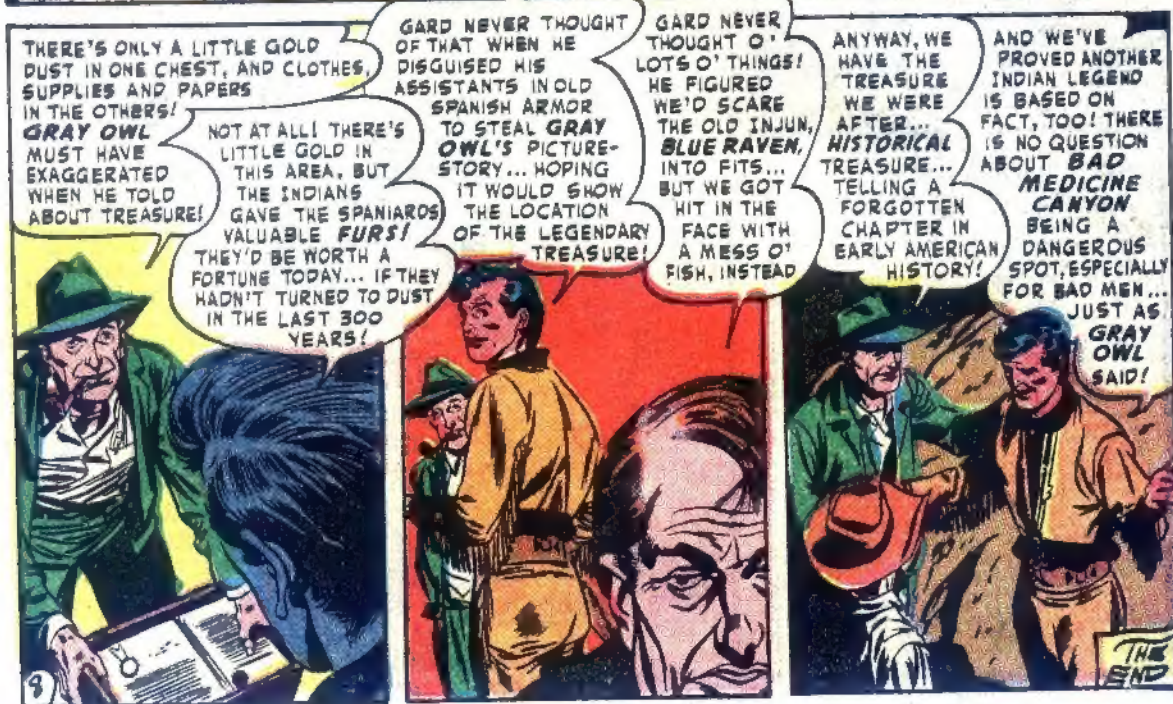
HELP  
YORESELF!  
I'M  
IN A  
HURRY!

WHUP





MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE EXCITEMENT IS OVER...





# Tootsie Rolls'

## GREAT BIG

# Contest

HURRY!

# 100

## PRIZES

HURRY!



ARE YOU A GOOD PRIVATE EYE?  
Who loves TOOTSIE CANDIES and reading POPPY TOOTIE STORIES?



BOYS' &amp; GIRLS' BIKES



### 10 COLUMBIA 3-STAR DELUXE MODEL R19T MOTOBIKES

There's real deluxe style and zip in this flashing Columbia Bicycle. 18" Therm-O-Matic Frame, Air-Flow Tank with Electric Horn, Full Length Air-Flow Chain Guard, Deeper wider Motobike Fenders, Lock Top Torpedo Headlight, Deluxe Tan Top Saddle, Columbia Non-Slip Handlebar Grips.

DELICIOUS CHEWY  
TOOTSIE ROLL  
CENTER

### JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1. Complete the statement (in 25 words or less) "I like TOOTSIE ROLLS (or TOOTSIE POPS) because..." On a plain sheet of paper—write or print CLEARLY—your name, street and number, city or town, state—and your age.
2. Send entry, accompanied with 5 wrappers from either TOOTSIE ROLLS or TOOTSIE POPS... to TOOTSIE ROLLS CONTEST, Box 877, New York 46, N. Y.
3. Send as many entries as you wish, but with each entry you must send 5 wrappers from TOOTSIE ROLLS or TOOTSIE POPS.
4. This contest is open only to boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 16—and is good only in Continental United States and in compliance with State Laws. Company employees and their families, agency employees and their families, are not eligible.
5. Entries will be judged for originality and sincerity for the particular age group; the youngest child has as much chance as the oldest. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Decision of the judges will be final and all entries become the property of The Sweets Company of America, Inc. No entries will be returned.
6. CONTEST STARTS AUGUST 1, 1952 and ENDS OCTOBER 15th, so hurry—get your entry in... but first read these rules carefully. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1952 and received before midnight October 24, 1952. Winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible following selection of winners by the judges.

10 **Toni**  
**DOLLS**  
with washable Nylon hair that can be combed, set, waved and made up.



10 **Steger**  
**CHUCK WAGONS**

Tubular steel handle exclusive with Steger... the famous Stake and Chuck wagon.

**"CHICAGO"**  
**ROLLER SKATES**  
24 PAIRS



The famous skates used in rinks throughout the country. Speedy. Ball-bearing. Strong Construction.

**HEROMITE**  
10 **Controlled-Power**  
**MODEL PLANES**

Rugged Plastic Plane with miniature One-Cylinder Engine and Flight Control Unit.



24 **TRIPLE LINED**  
**BASKETBALLS**  
Made of Everoid, a heavy coated pebble-grained fabric. Equipped with heavy duty valve bladders.



12 **FIELDER'S**  
**GLOVES**

Deep-pocket glove, well-stitched fingers and thumb. A real glove!

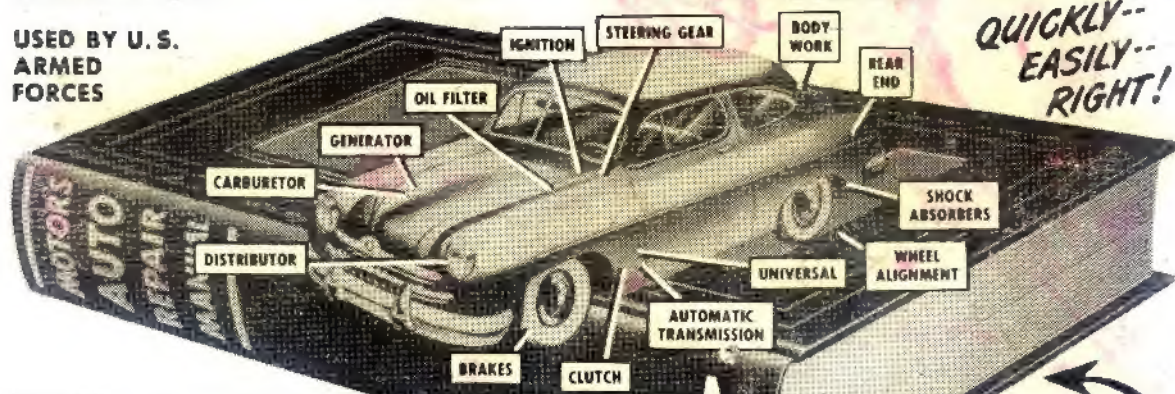
**HURRY! HURRY!**  
**SEND IN YOUR ENTRY!**

**CONTEST CLOSING OCTOBER 15, 1952**



# HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U. S.  
ARMED  
FORCES



QUICKLY--  
EASILY--  
RIGHT!

**NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic—You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB! MOTOR'S BIG BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows You HOW—With 2400 PICTURES AND SIMPLE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS.**

**Free 7-DAY TRIAL**  
Return and Pay Nothing  
If Not Satisfied!

**COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1935 THRU 1952**

**YES**, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of **MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL**. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

No guesswork! **MOTOR'S Manual** takes nothing for granted. Tells you where to start. What tools to use. Then it leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

**Over TWO THOUSAND Pictures! So Complete, So Simple, You CAN'T Go Wrong!**

**NEW REVISED 1952 Edition** covers everything you need to know to repair 851 car models. 780 giant pages, 2400 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 200 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 38,000 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you can't go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch

mechanic, you'll find short-cuts that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible!"

**Meat of Over 170 Official Shop Manuals**

Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of **MOTOR** have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 170 Official Factory Shop Manuals, "boiled it down"

into crystal-clear terms in one handy indexed book!

**Try Book FREE 7 Days**

**SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen — return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: **MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 9M, 250 West 55th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.**

#### Same FREE Offer On MOTOR'S Truck and Tractor Manual

Covers EVERY job on EVERY popular make gasoline truck, tractor made from 1938 thru 1951. **FREE 7-Day Trial.** Check proper box in coupon.

#### Covers 851 Models—All These Makes

Buick	Henry J.	Nash Rambler
Cadillac	Hudson	Oldsmobile
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Packard
Chrysler	Lafayette	Plymouth
Crosley	La Salle	Pontiac
De Soto	Lincoln	Studebaker
Dodge	Mercury	Terraplane
Ford	Nash	Willys
Fraser		

ALSO tune-up adjustments for others



#### Many Letters of Praise from Users

"**MOTOR'S Manual** paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork."  
—W. SCHROPP, Ohio.

He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed motor another mechanic had worked on half a day. With your Manual I did it in 30 minutes."  
—C. AUBERRY, Tenn.



#### MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

##### MOTOR BOOK DEPT.

Desk 9M, 250 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once (check box opposite book you want):

☐ **MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit \$1 in 7 days (plus 35c delivery charges), \$2 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 95c one month after that. Otherwise I will return the book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$2 cash with order.)

☐ **MOTOR'S New TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charges with final payment. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$10 cash with order.)

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check box and save 35c shipping charge by enclosing WITH coupon entire payment of \$8.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$4 for Truck and Tractor Repair Manual). Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.



SEP 5- P.M.

# A CARNIVAL OF *Columbia* BUILT

## 75th ANNIVERSARY MODELS JUMBO FEATURES

★ Front Wheel Hand Brake,  
Famous Make Coaster Brake

★ Three-Speed Shift,  
Trigger Control

★ Dynahub Electrically Generated  
Headlight and Tail Light

★ Floating-Action  
Spring Fork

★ Anniversary Model  
Super-Equipped Five-Star  
"Arlider" Motobike

★ Five-Star American Deluxe  
3-Speed Tourist Lightweight

★ Electric Stop and  
Tail Light

★ Super-Carrier,  
Tubular Brace Rods

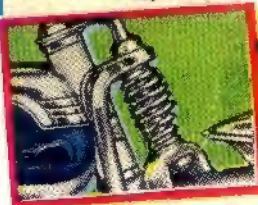
★ Full Chrome-Plated  
Fenders

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

★ Exclusive Built-In  
Kick Stand

★ Caliper Rim Brakes

★ New Flashy 1952 Colors



**FLOATING-ACTION SPRING  
FORK** smooths out the bumps  
on the roughest roads.



**EXCLUSIVE BUILT-IN KICK  
STAND** folds back to stream-  
lined position when not in use.



**PROTECTO-LOCK** wards  
against theft, carries free  
1-year warranty.



**GUARANTEE** on all new  
Columbia Bicycles... "Guar-  
anteed as long as you own it."

**TO CELEBRATE** their 75th Anniversary as  
"America's First" bicycles, the 1952 Columbias have all the  
finest features possible at the lowest possible price. See your  
nearest dealer for the best bicycle-buys of the year!



**CLIP HERE and SEND FOR  
FREE CATALOG**

The Westfield Manufacturing Company  
C410 Cycle Street, Westfield, Massachusetts

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**CHOOSE FROM 40 GREAT  
COLUMBIA-BUILT BICYCLES**

Since 1877 . . . America's First Bicycle

